

Carmel Pine Cone

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5c PER COPY



Blisters and Pearls of the Abalone League.

By E. I. S.



Last Sunday was an unlucky day in the Abalone League. At the end of the last game the list of casualties and hard luck stories was added up and it was found that Winsor Josselyn received a beautiful black eye when he slid on the home plate in the Crescent-Red game; that Dooley Stoney sprained his shoulder when he slid home in the Tiger-Giant game; that Jack Eaton broke his finger while playing first base for the Eskimos; that the Shamrocks lost their first game in the new shirts and that the Tigers were defeated by the Giants, after they had scored three runs in the first inning and were then shut-out for the rest of the game.

George Ball's Tigers began the game with all intentions of cleaning up on the Giants. Dooley Stoney went to bat first and made a hit. He came home on Ball's single. Jimmie Wilson got to first and came in on Jack Eaton's two bagger. Eaton was then brought in on a two base hit by Larry Pryor. What looked like a win for the Tigers turned out to be a sad, sad story. The Giants first run came in the second inning, when Jackie May scored. But the last of the third showed the Tigers just what they were up against. With the bases full, Hicks was walked by Jimmie Wilson, forcing a run. Jimmie Doud came home on a wild throw to third, a three bagger by Frenchy Murphy brought in Hicks and Conlan. Murphy came in on May's hit and Teenie Gracia came in on another overthrow to third. When this little play day ended the Giants had safely put away six runs. They played excellent ball in the field, preventing any more scoring on the part of the Tigers, while the Tigers fumbled and played a poor brand of ball after the first inning. Eight more runs were scored in the last of the fourth. Jimmie Hooper, playing for the Tigers was tagged out on second, after making a good hit, but he avenged himself in the next inning by catching two beautiful flies in center field, hit by Conlan and Hicks. One more run in the last of the sixth made the final score 15 to 3.

The Crescents and the Reds played the closest game of the day, when the Crescents finally won, 4 to 2. The Crescents made two runs in the first inning, while the Reds' first run was made in the last of the fourth, when Billie Heron came in on Hopper's hit. The Crescents scored again in the fifth, when Meeks came in on Hanley's single. Larry Pryor scored for the Reds in the sixth. This was the last run of the game. It was during this game that Winsor received his "shiner." His place behind the bat was taken by Clay Otto.

The Shamrocks suffered hard luck while playing against the Eskimos. This is the first game By's team has lost while playing in the new "convict shirts." The Eskimos began the game by making three runs in the first, and four in the second. Hal Thorp distinguished himself by knocking a two bagger that brought in Don Hale's run, and by making a sensational catch out in the field in the next inning. He caught the fly and then slipped and fell on the grass. Suspense was great among the spectators, but he bounced up with the ball still tightly clutched in his hand. Clay Otto scored the first run for the Shamrocks in the last of the second. Two runs were made again in the third by the Eskimos, when Josephine Dill and Don

Hale each crossed the home plate.

The climax came in the fourth inning, when the Shamrocks filled the bases. Johns was up to bat and he knocked a fly to Josephine Dill in right field. Little Miss Dill was right up to the mark, for she not only caught the fly, but threw to first for a double out. This ruined any chance the Shamrocks had of tying the score. The game ended with the score 13-6 in favor of the Eskimos.

In the morning games, the Rangers won over the Pirates, 5 to 1, and the White Sox broke their hoodoo, and won over the Pirates 19 to 7. This game had been postponed from last Sunday, and the first was a play off of a tie. The Tiger-Eskimo game that was played last Wednesday afternoon, after being postponed from the Sunday before was a win for the Eskimos, 7 to 6. The game that was scheduled last Sunday between the Robins and the White Sox was postponed and will be played the end of this week.

A list of the first fifteen in the batting averages has been compiled. Mrs. Florence Thornton, right fielder for the Reds has the record for the girl players. She is fifth on the list with an average of .750.

Players	Team	Av.
Charlie Frost	Eskimo	.842
Tom Hooper	Reds	.833
Chet Hare	Eskimo	.824
F. Thornton	Reds	.760
Frenchy Murphy	Giants	.739
By Ford	Shamrocks	.722
Tal Josselyn	Eskimo	.700
Peter Conlan	Giants	.700
George Ball	Tigers	.647
Fred Ammerman	Giants	.636
Dooley Stoney	Tigers	.623
Jim Doud	Giants	.625
Jim Wilson	Tigers	.612
Tom Douglas	Crescents	.600
Glenn Leidig	Shamrocks	.571

With the result of last Sunday's games, three teams in the National League are tied for first place, the Giants, Crescents and Eskimos, while the Pirates and Rangers in the American League are tied for the honors. The club percentages are:

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Giants	5	2	.714
Crescents	5	2	.714
Eskimos	5	2	.714
Tigers	2	5	.286
Reds	2	5	.286
Shamrocks	2	5	.286

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Pirates	5	2	.714
Rangers	5	2	.714
Robins	2	4	.333
Sox	2	4	.333

The complete scores of last Sunday's games are:

Rangers 5; Pirates 1.
Sox 19; Pirates 7.
Crescents 4; Reds 2.
Eskimos 13; Shamrocks 6.
Giants 15; Tigers 3.

The schedule for next Sunday is:

National League
Crescents vs. Tigers.
Shamrocks vs. Giants.
Eskimos vs. Reds.
American League
Robins vs. Pirates.
Sox vs. Rangers.

Tennis Courts On Block 69

Block 69, the city's square on Ocean avenue between Mission and Junipero streets, will be a real children's playground, if the plans of the Carmel Parent Teachers' Association are carried out. At the meeting of the City Council last Monday night, that organization presented a written request that the block be used for tennis courts, and "provide healthful amusement for Carmel children during the summer vacation, and in the dry months of autumn."

Municipal tennis courts in the very heart of the down-town district, where everyone can get at them, has been one of the Pine Cone's pet projects for months, and this move of the P. T. A. has our heartiest support. The danger from passing traffic can be eliminated by wire-netting fences, and gates properly placed and constructed. The improvement to this upper end of Ocean avenue would be advantageous not only to the neighborhood, but to all Carmel.

The request was referred to Trustees Wood and Dennis for a report on cost and availability, and it will probably come up for decision at the board's next meeting.

Bids for construction of the proposed Harrison Memorial library at Carmel, were opened. M. J. Murphy of Carmel submitted the low figure, \$19,473, the only other bidder being Wade O. Halstead, Monterey, \$21,872. Action on the bids was deferred, pending the outcome of the suit now pending in which erection of the library is sought to be enjoined by certain Carmel citizens.

Additional expense allowances were granted City Clerk Saldee Van Brower and City Traffic Officer Christensen of \$25 and \$20, monthly, respectively.

A petition from John B. Jordan asking permission to remove a dead tree from his premises was granted; a petition from the Carmel Dairy depot to erect a three-foot sign was allowed, and reports from city officials were received.

It was reported that a balance of \$14,394.06 was shown in the general fund on June 1, with bills up to June 6 amounting to \$2191.72, leaving a balance of \$12,202.34.

The board delayed action upon an application from the telephone company for permission to install an extension and protest of adjoining property owners against the erection of a service station at Sixth and Mission. H. O. Preston appeared in behalf of the property owners. Byron G. Newell, owner of the site, also was present and explained that the new station would merely replace one now in operation across the street.

One bit of business was handled with real dispatch, however. Robert G. Leidig, chief of the fire department, was named fire marshal and badges for the marshal, deputy marshal and inspectors were ordered.

TELEPHONE RING IS A WEDDING RING

Miss Edna Roberts of the Carmel Telephone exchange surprised her friends by a quiet wedding recently, becoming Mrs. Leucyln Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Martin left last Saturday night for Exeter, Cal., where they will make their home.

Hard Luck Hammers Away At Eliot And Marion

Hard luck nags steadily at the Eliot and Marion Shop. Last Monday night, smoke of a smoldering fire damaged the delicate stock of dainty gowns and sent the firemen inside to find that an electric iron, used for pressing, had been left with the current on, to set afire the cloth coverings of the ironing board.

An alarm had been turned in, and as the night was still young, a large crowd collected at the sound of the siren; but crowd and firemen were ably handled by Fire Marshall Leidig who was in the very act of appointment to that honored office not a block away, at the City Hall, under the provisions of the new fire ordinance—and Marshal England. What might well have been a heavy loss, due to panicky attempts at helpfulness, was held to a minimum by the officers.

This is the latest of a series of misfortunes to the owners of this shop that makes a remarkable record. A little more than a year ago, some vandal, never apprehended, threw ink over a row of hanging gowns, all high priced and exquisitely fragile, doing hundreds of dollars damage, a total loss as there is no insurance against such an affair. Some months later, a tub overflowing in a room above the store, leaked through the floor to do serious injury to the stock. Then came the fire in Cabbages and Kings, which threatened for a time to destroy adjoining buildings, and caused the hasty removal of all stock from the Eliot and Marion shop, with consequent loss and damage.

Both of the partners were victims of an automobile collision that seriously wounded them. Eliot has been laid up ever since, and is now in a plaster cast in a San Francisco hospital. Marion, cut with glass about the face, must have another operation for the removal of bits of glass. Almost on top of this incident, came a robbery of the store.

That happened one night early in

April last. A thief broke in through a window in rear of the shop, and took the contents of one of the booths, nearly \$1500 worth of gowns, the pick of the Easter stock. Sheriff Abbott came from Salinas and took entire charge of the case, but if any clues were discovered, nothing has been heard of them here. Certainly none of the stolen goods were recovered, and as burglary insurance in stores of Carmel is impossible to secure, the loss was total.

With Monday night's fire, it is hoped that the hoodoo ends. Eliot and Marion, sisters, and daughters of Carmel's pioneers, Prof. and Mrs. George H. Boke, have grown up from early childhood in this town, and have hosts of friends. The two girls are the sole support of their parents since Professor Boke became bedridden, and their courage in the face of extraordinary and persistent misfortune is noteworthy. From each hard knock of fate, they have come up smiling, and have gone back to their job of providing for themselves and their parents.

Marion Boke Todd has been one of Carmel's best and most faithful actors, having played in Forest Theatre, Arts and Crafts and Golden Bough dramas since, as a small child she was one of the cast of "Alice in Wonderland" in 1912. Next year, she was "Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp," and has given much time, and great talent to scores of plays since.

POPULAR CARMEL GIRL BECOMES A BRIDE

A quiet wedding was that of Miss Rebecca Narvaez and Robert Dana at San Carlos church last Tuesday morning, only the parents of both bride and groom, and relatives and immediate friends being present.

Mrs. Dana is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon P. Narvaez, pioneers of Carmel. Dana comes from Santa Maria, and is a descendant of the great author of "Two Years Before the Mast," Richard Henry Dana. The young couple will live in Santa Maria.

Dene Denny's Charm—Is It Personality Or Art?

By Thomas Vincent Cator



Dene Denny

If all of the music Dene Denny played last Friday night at the Golden Bough possessed the charm of her own personality there would be nothing more to say. The so called ultra-modern music would be universally accepted—its status would be fixed.

There is no doubt about one thing. She is absolutely sincere. In everything she does—in every note she touches upon the keyboard—there is that subtle something which brings to one's consciousness the sense of being in the presence of a being whose faith is a supreme and dynamic force.

Dene Denny is also an artist. She plays with adequate technic and with a comprehensive feeling for values that is both impressive and eloquent.

The world would be most uninteresting, however, if we all thought and felt alike. There is nothing that I thank God for more than for the fact that all of my friends do not agree with me and that I do not agree with them. I want to build my house the way I wish it to be. I want it to look like the house of my dreams, and not the house of their dreams. It is equally gratifying to me that they build their houses differently, for contrast is the breath of life.

—And so I use my prerogative to disagree with Miss Denny as to the

tenability of some of the basic theories upon which the more revolutionary experiments in modern music are founded.

Permit me to use the personal pronoun, because it requires an omnipotent intelligence to state positively that a thing is or is not so. But both fools and wise men may express their beliefs, and after all is said and done neither is likely to profit much thereby, for as Cicero said of old: "Hi sumus, qui omnibus veris falsa quodam esse dicamus, tanta similitudine, ut in his nulla inest certe iudicandi et assentiendi nota," which when put into plain United States simply means that the false is so mingled with the true and looks so like it, that there is no sure mark whereby we may distinguish one from the other.

So then let me say that I do not believe in the "democracy of sound" so much stressed by Miss Denny. I feel that the democracy of sound is a snare and a delusion, and as used by some of our contemporary composers is nothing more than the "anarchy of sound"—or chaos.

I do believe that humanity has evolved and is constantly evolving—but not to the extent which Miss Denny believes.

Invention has done wonderful things, but in some ways it has given us nothing very new. By the means of trains and aircraft we are transported from one place to another more rapidly than were our forefathers, but what we do when we reach our destinations is very much the same as it has always been.

By the use of the telephone we can speak to a person at a distance, but what we say is not very different from what has always been said amongst cultured people, or uncultured people.

The radio permits us to hear an orchestra playing in Chicago or some remote place, but aside from the novelty of it we have gained nothing by hearing an orchestra or anything else over the radio, unless you consider the quantity of people who can enjoy it.

However much invention may facilitate our speed, or our work, or our conveniences, we remain very much the same fundamentally as man has been in all ages.

A man who bases his life or his art upon merely external, material things and looks to them as a source of pleasure or inspiration, is leaning upon a weak reed, in my opinion.

What difference does it make if, as Miss Denny says, the women of today bob their hair. Suppose they

chew, smoke and swear. They are women, nevertheless, and as William E. Barton asserts: "There is no way in which a woman can become the father of a child or compel her husband to give him prenatal care or to suckle him after he is born. No larger measure of economic freedom, no giving of the vote to women or denying it to men, can ever alter this basic fact of human life."

And right there is where we hit the nail upon the head. The basic facts of life are eternal even as Truth is eternal.

Here is a splendid application of this made in reference to music by the Russian, Karatygin: "The longer mankind lives the richer it grows in ability to discriminate between the outer and the inner aspects of art; together with the development of art, people, again and again, for the hundredth time, have the opportunity of seeing the indisputability of the old truth; everything new preserves the specific power of its charm only so long as it is new; as soon as the thing grows older the possibility arises to compare the essence of corresponding work, of earlier music, with that of the new. The results of such a comparison show that the relations of absolute artistic values of old and new DO NOT DEPEND UPON THE EPOCH OF THEIR CREATION."

D. Rudhyar, one of whose compositions appeared on Miss Denny's program the other night, is a brilliant writer and one of the most able champions of the New Music, as he calls it. But he seems to feel that many of the musically inclined object to modern dissonances because they are dissonant. In this I do not agree with him. I think the reason is rather that in much of the New Music there is an overweight of dissonance which prevents adequate contrasts. Clouds and rain, storms, thunder and lightning are wonderful and make a tremendous appeal. But then comes the blue sky, and the glorious sunshine like the smile of a God. Consonance, Repose. Peace. Life isn't all tumult, antagonism, suffering and emotional tragedy. And in a perfect state we want as little of these as possible.

It requires consonance to make us appreciate dissonance and vice versa. That which is all one way or the other is like a lopsided figure.

D. Rudhyar feels that we are living in a chaotic period and that as the musical order is but the reflection of the social order, our music should be chaotic.

There may be some sound reasoning in this, but again I feel that it is a strictly material conclusion based upon the external. Surely the age in which we live is not more chaotic than many former ages in the world's history.

The beautiful Irish melodies were composed at times when not only Ireland but the entire world was in a far greater state of upheaval and uncertainty than it is today, when scarcely a person went to bed at night with any great degree of surety that they would still possess a head in the morning. Yet these melodies are not chaotic. They have lived for hundreds of years and will continue to live hundreds of years after the so called New Music of our contemporary composers has been dead and buried for untold generations.

And why will they live? Because they express the great elemental emotions and truths of life, and express them beautifully and simply. THEY ARE MIGHTY IN THEIR SIMPLICITY. They say something that everyone can understand and wishes to hear, be he rich or poor, great or lowly, intellectual or dull.

They say, among other things, "I love you." And they say it tenderly—just like that! Would they be more effective if they screamed it like a siren, or ranted about it—tore their hair out and rolled about in agony? I think not. But everyone to their own way of thinking.

As I have said before—we need and want progress in art and in music. But we must be able to discriminate between the real and the false. We must separate the wheat from the chaff.

Did you notice how the audience responded to the slightest suggestion of melody the other night? That is because melody is and always shall be the foundation of good music. Clothe it as you will, but it must be there.

On Miss Denny's program I felt that the works of only two composers showed the spark of genius. I refer to those of Honneger and Henry Cowell. Schoenberg's works are interesting musically, but to me they have always seemed lacking in spontaneous inspiration.

Ornstein has moments of great imaginative power, but he is, in his more radical numbers, often incoherent and erratic.

Goossens I look upon as clever, very clever. I see no evidence of greatness.

FEDERATED MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN SESSION

The Federated Missionary Societies of the Monterey Peninsula met Friday in Carmel Community Church, with a large attendance. The principle address of the day was by Professor Potent of Shanghai Christian College, who presented the mind and psychology of the Chinese in the present crisis.

Professor Draper of Monterey High School outlined to the Federation the proposed extension of the County Y.M.C.A. to the Peninsula, the organization to work through the local churches of the three communities, Carmel, Monterey, Pacific Grove, building up in each church "Friendly Indians" (age 9-12), and

a "Hi-Y" Club (age 12 upward), each church unit to compete with the others in athletic games, and all to join in a summer camp. The proposition was discussed and met with approval of the Federation of Churches. Mr. Draper said the budget for the first year would be \$1500.

FREAK RAIN STORM HERE

Carmel was hit by a freak rain storm last Tuesday. According to the officials at the Carnegie Institute, there was 13 of an inch of rain. On June 18, 1923, Carmel received 3 of an inch. These two storms are the largest ones that have hit Carmel during the month of June in the last five years. Along with the rain, the god of thunder had his little fun with the humanity on this bit of the earth by sending them some of his growls. The center of the thunder storm, however, was evidently some distance off.

Paul Jenks left Tuesday morning for northern California. He will be gone for a week or ten days.

Miss Marion Sturgis of San Jose spent the week end in Carmel. Miss Sturgis stayed at Old Cabin Inn during her visit here.

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MONTEREY

ANNOUNCEMENT

of change of schedule between

Carmel and Monterey

Effective June 11, 1927

Lv. Carmel

7:30 A. M.

8:30 A. M.

9:30 A. M.

11:00 A. M.

1:00 P. M.

2:30 P. M.

5:15 P. M.

6:15 P. M.

9:30 P. M.

Lv. Monterey

7:30 A. M.

8:30 A. M.

10:30 A. M.

12:00 P. M.

1:30 P. M.

3:30 P. M.

5:15 P. M.

6:30 P. M.

9:10 P. M.

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Exercises Planned For Sunset School Graduation

D. L. Van Dellen, principal of Salinas Union High School, will be the speaker at the graduating exercises of the Class of 1927 of the Sunset Grammar School, next Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. There are twenty-seven students graduating.

The exercises will open with a program of music, that is being prepared by Miss Pauline Newman. The program is:

1. Now with Creation's Morning Song—Beethoven.
(8th grade boys and girls)
2. He Shall Feed His Flock—Handel.
(8th grade boys)
3. Evening Star—Schuman.
(8th grade boys)
4. Greetings—Mendelssohn.
(8th grade girls)

The girls of the upper grades will sing the rest of the songs:

5. The Linden Tree—Schubert.
6. The Wild Rose—Dvorak.
7. Twilight Musing—Kjerulf.
8. The Sea Princess—Max Bruch.
9. April Folk—Max Bruch.

After the singing, the commencement exercises will be opened by a short address by Bain Reamer, class president. D. L. Van Dellen will then talk, after which the diplomas will be presented.

The class day exercises will be held this afternoon at two o'clock. The seventh grade will put on a stunt. The class will was written by Maurine Plein, prophecy by Anne Walcott, history by Joyce Campion and the poem by Genevieve Newell.

The students who are graduating are Mary Bigland, Stanley Bishop, Joyce Campion, Arthur Clay, Albert Comstock, Cynthia Criley, Josephine Dibrell, Charles Grimshaw, Dale Leidig, Teddy Leidig, Ambrose Love, Beatrice McDonald, Genevieve Newell, Maurine Plein, Louise Pryor, Bain Reamer, Elizabeth Reamer, Gladys Roach, Milton Roach, John Rockwell, Harold Follett, Edwin Tyler, Anne Walcott, Joe Bunker, Ray Walls, George Young and Ralph James.

NEW FIRMS IN CARMEL

The tenants for the new Kocher building at the corner of Dolores and Seventh were announced this week by Dr. R. A. Kocher. The tenants will move their offices into the building upon its completion in October.

A twelve year lease has been granted to J. W. Claywell of Los Angeles, who will open a drug store in the lower floor. The fixtures inside the store are all to be Spanish, corresponding with the exterior of the building. Claywell is spending \$10,000 for the fixtures. He is an old friend of Dr. Kocher, and is the originator of the exclusive pharmacy idea in Los Angeles. Mrs. Claywell and her son will move to Carmel in the early fall, and young Claywell will go into business with his father.

Those who will occupy the offices upstairs are Dr. Raymond Brownell, Dr. C. H. Lowell, Frank Sheridan and John Orcutt, attorney of Monterey, who will open a branch office here. Dr. Kocher's office will be on the ground floor in back of the drug store. These offices have been granted on a five year lease.

Harrison Library Waits Decision

Judge Fred A. Treat has under advisement the fate of the Harrison Library as at present planned.

A temporary order restraining the Carmel Board of City Trustees from going forward with its plan for erecting a library building under the terms of the will of Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison was granted last Monday, in order to give C. F. Lacey, Salinas attorney, representing Mrs. Lotta Shipley, who brought the injunction suit, time in which to gather legal data to combat the contention of Argyll Campbell, city attorney of Carmel, that the action of the trustees was legally taken.

Campbell stated that the action of the trustees in preparing plans for a non-fireproof library building was under the terms of the decree of distribution in the Harrison estate which preceded the will of Mrs. Harrison.

Mrs. Shipley seeks to halt action of the trustees on the ground that Mrs. Harrison's desire was a fireproof Spanish type structure. Campbell states that there is nothing in the will which calls for a fireproof building, though some reference is made to a tentative plan for the structure prepared by Mrs. Harrison and which was destroyed in the fire which caused her death.

Campbell pointed out that the structure called for in a library plan made by Jo Mora is also of non-fireproof construction and that it would provide housing facilities for but 6,000 volumes whereas the library already has 8,000 books and many more are expected.

Meanwhile the board of trustees have deferred action on bids for the construction of the library, under plans drawn by Howard Maybeck, San Francisco architect, pending outcome of the suit.

World War Veterans

To Lose Insurance Rights On
July 2, 1927

Every World War veteran should immediately secure the latest information which has just been released to the service officers of the American Legion Posts, Veterans of Foreign Wars Posts, chapters of Disabled American Veterans of the World War, secretaries of the American Red Cross chapters, Knights of Columbus Councils and Jewish Welfare Societies who will be glad to inform veterans and give every assistance possible in the preparation of their application or write or telephone for this important information to the nearest local office of the United States Veterans Bureau. The San Francisco Regional Office is located at 814 Mission street, and the telephone number is Garfield 3466. Only 21 days to go. Remember the absolute dead line is July 2, 1927.

DENNY MOVES BUSINESS BUT KEEPS HOME HERE

The Paul J. Denny Motor Sales Agency, for a long time on Dolores street, moves the end of the week to Monterey, where at 440 Tyler street, there will be elaborate salesrooms for the handling of Oldsmobiles and the Falcon-Knight.

Paul Denny, in looking for a wider field in a business way, has no intention of deserting Carmel residentially. His hospitable home in La Loma will still be the Denny residence. And Denny will continue his interest in the civic affairs, he being a sanitary trustee of the Carmel district.

MATT MURPHY TALKS OF AMERICAN INDIANS

The Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom held a well attended meeting at Unity Hall on Sunday evening. Mr. Matthew M. Murphy, now living in Carmel, gave an instructive talk on the desert Indians. He deplored the present system of education and declared its inadequacy was not the fault of the government but the indifference and ignorance of the American people on the Indian question. He

spoke from nearly twenty years experience as Indian Agent and was very eloquent in their defense.

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Dining Room Open
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Management
John B. Jordan
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Just arrived a pretty
assortment of
Washable Vellie
and
Washable Silk
Dresses

Studio Gown Shop

Miss Kats
Corner Shop
Ocean and Monte Verde

That Atmosphere of Art and Refinement
Distinctive of Carmel is Found
at the

BLUE BIRD TEA ROOM

Ocean Avenue and Carmel-by-the-Sea,
Lincoln Street California



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Make your steamer reservations through me.
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BELGENLAND WORLD CRUISE

January 1, 1928

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and
PRINTED SILKS

The Cinderella Shop

Carmel



L. D. WHIFFIN
Just received some beautiful
SPANISH SHAWLS
embroidered in white
suitable for dresses
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CARMEL



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TREE LANDSCAPE
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of 5 rooms, 2 baths, 2 fire
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Garage.

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Just received a large
consignment of
ENGLISH RUGS

All pure wool—rich, soft colors—
reasonably priced.

Corner Cupboard

Ocean Ave. and Lincoln
Carmel

Village News Reel

Fernand de Journal, an attorney of Fresno, and his son, Robert, were visitors of Miss Marcelle de Journal, daughter and sister, over the week end.

Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan have gone to Dutch Flat for the summer.

Mrs. George H. Boks returned Tuesday from San Francisco where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas, who has been ill.

The Trustees of Carmel District Sanitary Board met last Tuesday night, and attended to detail business. None of the important matters of readjustment were more than discussed.

A campaign to raise money necessary for the furnishing of the Carmel hospital now under construction in Carmel Woods is being conducted through the issuance of twenty \$500 promissory notes, and with a permit from the State Commissioner of Corporations. The notes will bear 6 per cent interest. Mrs. Edith B. Shuffleton, R. N., is founder of the hospital.

Talbert and Winsor Josselyn entertained with an evening of music last Monday, in honor of Bertrand Falkner of Piedmont. Among those entertained were: Drucilla Maltby, of Oakland; Elizabeth Parker and Wm. Geens of Vancouver and Colonel Jitters of San Diego. Light refreshments were served and a motion picture party ended the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wentworth and daughter left last Wednesday for Salem, Mass., where they plan to make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Watson are expecting Mr. Watson's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. G. Watson from Taft, Calif., some time this week.

Mrs. Dudley Kell-Jones, sister of Mrs. G. W. Whitcomb, is the guest of Mrs. Henry Hagameyer at her home on Monte Verde.

Mr. Ben Lewis and Miss Edna Mints of San Francisco were the week end guests of the G. M. Whitcombs at their home in the 80 acres. The couple are planning to spend their honeymoon in Carmel over soon.

Mrs. Wm. T. Beatty and niece Louise Husted of Pebble Beach, left Friday morning to spend the summer in Chicago, where they will

join Mr. Beatty who left several months ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Farley motored to Palo Alto last Friday to attend the graduation of their daughter Henrietta from Miss Barker's school. Miss Henrietta will be at her home to all her many friends on Camino Real and Ocean for the next three months, then she plans to go east where she will attend college.

Victor Rinslow is in Carmel for a few days from San Jose where he is now working.

Preston W. Search and his sister, Mrs. W. C. Butcher, have been in San Francisco as attendants on the session of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the World. They report it a most remarkable meeting.

Rev. J. Shane Nichols, D. D., pastor of the Clifton Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, and his wife, are guests of Mrs. W. C. Butcher and her brother at the Search home. Dr. Nichols is in California as a commissioner to the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Mrs. John Jordan entertained at two tables of bridge last Wednesday afternoon at her home on Ocean and Casanova in honor of Mrs. Charles Ross who has spent the winter months at the Pine Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Money and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bourne of San Francisco were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray C. De Yoe over the week end.

Mrs. Mary May left Wednesday for Taft, Calif., where she will visit her daughter for a few months.

Mrs. Rose De Yoe has returned from a few days in Atascadero.

Mrs. George Richardson and daughter Elizabeth are back in their home on Monte Verde for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. E. Pardow of Berkeley are spending a few weeks in Mrs. Hooper's cottage on Camino and Thirteenth. Mr. Pardow is a brother of Mrs. Hooper.

Miss Penneine Kolb, niece of Mrs. N. Y. Nugent, arrived in Carmel recently from New York, where she has been studying for the past year. She intends to spend the summer with Mrs. Nugent.

Mrs. Walter Tuthill, nee Gettie Askew, entertained at a tea yesterday afternoon at her residence in Pebble Beach. Her guests were Mrs. Florence Thornton, Miss Pauline

Newman, Miss Geneva Christmas, Miss Mariam Arnold White, Miss Mary Powers and Miss Louise Andrews.

J. W. Mayer of San Francisco is visiting in Carmel for a few weeks. Mr. Mayer is staying at Pine Inn.

Miss Nancy Jean Ingels of Corral de Tierra is spending the week end with her sister in Carmel.

E. E. Paramore Jr., formerly of Carmel, was married to Edith Wellman, daughter of Francis T. Wellman, jurist and writer on legal subjects, at St. Thomas' Church in New York, the latter part of last week. Paramore is the author of "The Ballad of Yukon Jake," which figured in a damage trial in United States District Court in San Francisco two years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo D. Granucci, San Francisco, winners of the marital race for the current month of June, are spending their honeymoon in Carmel. Mrs. Granucci before her marriage Wednesday, June 1, at 8 a.m. at Sacred Heart Church was Miss Marian A. Sangiacomo, private secretary to the president of the Pioneer Fruit Company of San Francisco. Elmo Granucci is president of the New Century Beverage Company of that city. The young couple will make their home in San Francisco, following their two weeks sojourn in Carmel.

Harold Gates, son of Dr. Aurelia Gates, who has attended Montezuma School for the past two or three years, was graduated last week.

Miss Amelia Newmark of San Francisco, accompanied by her brother, Samuel Newmark, motored to Carmel last week end, when they were the guests of Dr. Amelia Gates.

Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson of San Francisco spent last week end in Carmel, at which time she purchased property in the attractive new De Yoe tract, where she plans to build in the near future.

Mrs. F. J. Vogel and son, from Arkansas City, will spend the summer in the Smith cottage on north Lincoln street.

Prof. Jean and family of the University of California have taken the Rigney cottage in north Carmel for two weeks.

Mrs. Ella Rigney has as house guests over the week end her sister, Mrs. C. Rathbone, and two daughters, Ruth and Irene, and Mrs. W. Terry, from San Jose.

Mrs. Courtland J. Arne is taking a week's vacation.

Miss Carmelita Pepper, student at Notre Dame convent in Watsonville, is spending a few days here with her mother, Mrs. J. Edgerton.

The Misses Maude and Alys Snow, Dorothy Druhe and Vivian Higginbotham were hostesses at a very delightful tea at the Snow residence on Wednesday last, in honor of Mrs. John Williams Murphy, nee Louise Prince. Those who enjoyed the afternoon were Audrey Walton, Mary Ann Sutor, Marianne Hopper, Rosemary Hardy, Mrs. Paul Whiteman and Helen Judson.

Mrs. E. S. Chamberlain, who has been the guest of her daughter Mrs. Edith Bartlett for the past week will return to Oakland on Monday.

Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and her son Lynn, motored to Los Angeles the first of the week. They will remain in the south for several days.

One of the most successful dances given this season was held last Saturday night in the auditorium of the

Sunset School. A number of young people from Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel attended.

Mathew Murphy gave an interesting lecture on "Education of the Indians" last Sunday night at Unity Hall. Mr. Murphy has spent many years in the Indian territory as an Indian agent. He outlined the present system of education there, and told many of his experiences.

Dorothy Damianakes spent last week end in Carmel, visiting friends. Miss Damianakes is to have a dance recital in Carmel on June 24, at the Golden Bough.

Laidlaw Williams spent a few days in Berkeley this week with friends.

Mrs. Sarah Deming visited in San Francisco last week for several days, arriving back in Carmel on Wednesday.

Mrs. Katherine Overstreet will be confined to her home for several weeks, as a result of breaking a bone in her foot last Friday.

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Miss Merle Marston of Berkeley visited friends in Carmel last week end, returning to her home in the college city on Monday evening.

Henrietta Farley returned to her home in Carmel last week, from Miss Harker's School in Palo Alto. Miss Farley was a member of this year's graduating class.

A number of people attended a lecture on astrology Monday night, given by Andrew S. Hastings at

Unity Hall. Hastings is president of the National Astrological Association.

R. L. "Dink" Templeton, head track coach of Stanford University and his family, have taken the Long cottage on the Point for the summer months. Templeton will spend part of the summer in Palo Alto, coming here for week ends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray De Yoe are spending a few days in San Francisco this week. They expect to return the end of the week.

Mrs. William Stava with her family, has taken a cottage in Carmel for the summer months. They are from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenebaum and their family arrived in Carmel this week to spend the summer. Greenebaum is connected with the Associated Oil Company in San Francisco.

Mrs. Roland Usher and her four children are located in the Lansdale house for the summer. They are from St. Louis, Missouri.

Miss Dorothy Wing, Howard Fireball, Fred McPherson and Sam Binzago of Santa Cruz visited Miss Margaret and Frances Burpee over the week end.

Doctor Mary Carncross, Miss Alicia Pratt and her mother, of Evanston, Illinois, are occupying Dr. Carncross's new home at Pebble Beach for the month of June.

Mrs. George Poore of San Jose and her small daughter are at the Marion cottage on Carmelo for two months.

Miss Frances Burpee is leaving this week for her home in Seattle, Washington, where she will visit with her family for two weeks before entering the summer school at the University of California. After the summer school she will return to Carmel in time for the opening of the fall term at Monterey Union High School where she will teach next year.

The eleventh birthday of Joseph Schoeninger, Jr., was celebrated on Tuesday afternoon with a beach party. Games on the sand were enjoyed, after which a splendid supper was served the kiddies. Those present were Barbara Lewis, Jean Leidig, Maxine Harboalt, Jane Hopper, Billie Durney, David Hagemeier, Moylan Fox, Jr., Bunny Turner,

Dexter Whitcomb, Johnny White, and Maurice Grimshaw.

Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger has returned from Oakland where she attended the Parent Teachers' convention, which was held there recently.

Mrs. George Seideneck who has been visiting relatives in Evanston, Ill., for the past month will return to Carmel the end of this week.

HIGH AND LOW TIDES AT CARMEL

Low		High	
Day	Time Height	Time Height	
10	1:25am 1.4 ft	7:20pm 3.7 ft	
	12:34pm 1.9 ft	7:12pm 5.4 ft	
11	2:03am 0.8 ft	8:20pm 3.9 ft	
	1:10pm 2.3 ft	7:40pm 5.5 ft	
12	2:39am 0.5 ft	9:14pm 4.0 ft	
	1:50pm 2.6 ft	8:07pm 5.7 ft	
13	3:16am -0.1 ft	10:06pm 4.1 ft	
	2:29pm 2.9 ft	8:35pm 5.7 ft	
14	3:54am -0.4 ft	10:55pm 4.3 ft	
	3:10pm 3.1 ft	9:04pm 5.6 ft	
15	4:32am -0.6 ft	11:44pm 4.3 ft	
	3:53pm 3.3 ft	9:55pm 5.9 ft	
16	5:13am -0.8 ft	12:33pm 4.4 ft	
	4:38pm 3.5 ft	10:10pm 5.8 ft	

SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES

By Joyce Camplon

Jane Gage a pupil of Miss Christmas has been in Berkeley the last week.

Elinor Watson of the fifth grade was in Berkeley but returned in time for the program of Monday evening. The Monterey High School course of study was given out Thursday to the eighth grade pupils. It looks promising for the graduates.

Five high school girls visited the school Friday. They were Lois Love, Marguerite Tickle, Mary Wheldon, Helen Turner, and Francis Best.

Ralph James, an eighth grade pupil visited Yosemite for a few days last week.

Francis Brewer who has been in West Virginia for the last few months visited the school Monday morning.

The hospitality of the Monterey High School Girl's League was enjoyed by eight girls from Carmel last Thursday. They were Genevieve Newell, Mary Bigland, Anne Walcott, Elizabeth Reamer, Josephine Dibrell, Louise Prior and Joyce Camplon. The program was very interesting. A talk by Virginia Rockwell on the Big Sister movement lightened the troubles of the new freshmen considerably. The afternoon was then spent in dancing and ice cream cones were served. The girls were taken home in the high school bus after a very enjoyable party.

The eighth grade received their class badges Friday and are very pleased with them.

The program Monday evening was greatly enjoyed by all present. The chorus had been trained well by Miss Newman, and the school sincerely hope that they have partly repaid here for her untiring effort toward the success of the evening. The dancers under Ruth Austin received a great deal of applause. The audience would not have been sorry to have heard the program over again.

Mr. Watenpugh of the Monterey high school came over Tuesday and the eighth grade filled out their course of study for next year.

CARMEL CHURCH NOTES

Sunday, June 12, the new officers of the Epworth League will be installed at 11 a.m. Sermon "Jobs for Giants."

Sunday June 19th, Children's Day, will be observed with exercises by the Sunday School at 11 a.m. Speeches and flower costumes and everything. Mrs. Nixon heads the capable committee in charge.

The "calendar" plan of organiza-

tion has been adopted by the Women's Auxiliary. The "Year" (president) selects 12 "Months," who each get four "Weeks," who each get as many days as possible. Each "Month" forms a committee to arrange a social event for that month. Each member of the "Calendar" contributes one cent a day for the year. This plan has worked in

many places. Let every woman, young and older, participate. Next meeting at Mrs. Nixon's, Ninth and Dolores, June 14.

The Epworth League Alliance, seven churches, will meet here August 12.

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PONY EXPRESS IS

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Carmel's main streets may be over-run with mechanical inventions for conveyance and it may also be true that the present price of motor cars makes them available to every third person in the U.S.A. but, thanks to the ever flaming oddities of youth, the news-carrier to the outlying residents of the town, has reverted his means of transportation to the old-time Pony Express. Like the fearless pioneers of yore, he rides bareback astride the spirited little pony Peanut. Hatless, shoeless and stockingless, Allen Tyler gallops cross country through the pine woods with his paper sack slung over his shoulder and with a lariat-like swing of his right arm he delivers the daily news to the doors of his subscribers.

"Pay-purr," he sings out as he tomes the paper over the garden walks and digging his brown heels

into the pony's sleek sides he is off again ducking through the branches of the pines and oaks that mark his uncharted path.

Our first meeting was a very surprising one to us both. I was pressed up against the chalk rocks of the front porch wrapt in the dreams of a purple dusk. Headless of horses' hoofs through the woods I dreamed on of the crescent moon to come. Suddenly I saw stars instead.

"Oh!" I gasped, jumping to my feet.

"Pay-purr!" sang out the lad on the prancing pony.

"Yes, I know," said I, "I got it in the head."

"Aw gee, I'm sorry. Didn't see ya." And like a grandfather wisely diverting the injured one's attention from his bumps he quickly added, "Say, do ya want to see Peanuts rear and buck and kick? I ain't afraid of nothin'—watch."

And with that he dug his hard, brown heels into the pony's sides, whereupon the little beast stood upright, on his hind legs, upright on his front legs, humped his back, tossed his head, pranced to the side and dashed ahead.

A wise paper carrier is Allen Tyler for not until I read the head-lines in the paper "Chimney Falls—Hits Nurse on Head" did I recall my injured part.

MADE IN CARMEL

"Have you seen the studio house of stone?" three San Franciscans asked me, in highly enthusiastic glee as we drove, on a sight-seeing trip through Forest Hill in their city last week.

Replying in the negative they sped the car up several perilous hills, telling me the while that the house was the talk of the town, and with the paramount air of elders showing their young a colossal man-made structure for the first time, they pointed to a model home of medieval Flemish architecture standing on the peak of a terraced garden.

"My dear, isn't it marvelous?" said one.

"So romantic and odd!" ejaculated another.

"That window and those steps!" burst forth the other.

"And THEM STONES!" shouted I "they're from Carmel."

"Righto," they answered in chorus. And now they raved over the stone walls and the irregularity of their treatment in the structure. Of course, having just left Carmel via Hutton Fields a day or two before, I could see nothing unusual or remarkable about the distinction of the house. As they proceeded to spill every adjective in the English vocabulary upon the stone house I remarked very nonchalantly...

"Why we build everything from writers dens to gold fish ponds out of that stuff... haven't you something unusual to show me?"

They fell silent after this remark eyeing me, during the remainder of

the drive, with not a little curious concern. As I stepped from the car a little later before my hotel, the three San Franciscans, recently from Kentucky, asked, "How far is it to Carmel?"

"Three hours ahead of the speed cop... five hours behind."

"We'll see you there next week," said they.

This is fair warning to owners of stone houses who want to keep a roof over their heads to hang out the little placard... **NOT FOR SALE!**

WHIMSIES OF THE MUSIC SHOP

By Alice de Nahr

Juggling phonograph records to the tune of a customer's whistle or the melody of a prospective buyer's hum is an art for which Miss Catherine Lyle, of the Music Shop in town, will soon hold an M.A. degree. At least one-third of the music buyers who call at her shop daily come in rum-tum-dum-rumpety-tumming a snatch of a tune they heard the night before, expecting the accommodating sales lady to register immediately the name of the record.

"Haven't you any idea of the words or the name of the piece?" she asked a customer who stood before her whistling his request. He pondered a moment.

"It has a lot of boom-booming in it," said he continuing to whistle.

"Oh, you mean 'Voom-Voom,'" was Miss Lyle's expert diagnosis.

"And another time," said she, relating her difficulties to me, "a little woman came into the shop with a rather timid smile and asked, 'Have you a record of 'The Pigeon and Pheasant'?' meaning of course, 'The Poet and Peasant.' And when I handed her the record she amused me again by asking 'And I want to buy a package of pins.' 'You mean needles?' She flushed and with an apologetic smile hurried out with her purchases."

Just yesterday one of our well-known citizens breezed into the shop and asked, "Have you 'My Idea of Heaven' with 'Just An Ivy Covered Shack' by Murphy on the other side?"

"Cover Me Up With Sunshine" "I'm Following Her Around" on the other side, was the request from another customer.

"It takes a mind reader to know what some of these people want," says Miss Lyle, "sometimes they know the tune and not the title. If they can carry a tune I can usually guess the song after hearing a measure or two. But when they come in and ask for 'O Sole Men' by an Italian for seventy-five cents, or state that the piece they want has something to do with a straight banana I not only have a hard time keeping a serious face but hard work finding out just what they are after."

One of the most amusing requests from a recent customer was "I want The Merry Widow—In Hawaii on the Organ two faced."

"What kind of music sells the best?" I asked Miss Lyle.

"Jazz," was the prompt reply. "People never cease buying it. The jazzier the tune the better they like it." And looking about to see if we were alone in the shop she continued, "You'd be surprised at the jazz, polky music some of these serious-minded authors and painters buy. 'I Wonder How I Look Asleep' played by a saxophone quartette is one of their favorites."

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Filled with gratitude for the warm welcome with which I have been received by the people of Carmel, and for the support from those depending on optical service for eye comfort, I take this means of expressing my heartfelt appreciation for the cooperation of the people of Carmel in assisting me in pioneering the Optical Service in this city.

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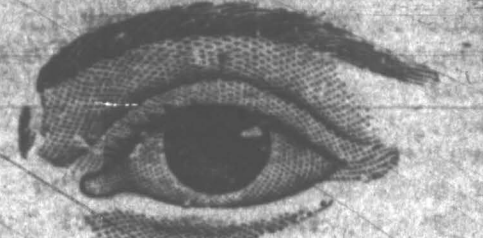
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what had caused his wound. But I'll never forget that he was brought to us a little before midnight of that moonlit night—a night ideal for those bombing Boche Gothas. And right in the middle of the operation the Boche bombers came.

Head injury. X-ray showed a small foreign body—that is to say a piece of shell—in the brain. Not far in; but the skull had been fractured from the entry. Serious, but nothing unusual. Sooner operated the better. So the Colonel told us to get him ready in the emergency operating room, the one with the canvas roof, because the other one was being re-fixed that night.

We prepared him, the buddy and I. Used a razor of stubborn edge to trim around the wound, and also a pair of clippers which pulled out as much hair as they clipped. Hard to work on a man touched in the rain. He struggles when you hurt him and you can't fight him back. Rain case is like intoxication and you must let him quiet himself each time and not make a rumpus or here'll be the devil's own time.

In came the awakened nurses, cool in their white gowns, and calm as usual. Nothing ever seemed to upset those girls. Air raids never chased them. And tonight we knew it was perfect for a raid. The buddy and I glanced at each other, then at the girls, and we silently asked each other the oft-repeated question of whether these nurses were brave women or simply didn't understand danger.

And then in came the Colonel, drying his long, thin hands after a scrubbing, and the Lieutenant followed him, and they examined the wound and made monosyllabic comment. The patient rolled his dull eyes at them. He was pretty much in stupor.

"We'll do it under a local," said the Colonel and nodded to us to be on guard against trouble.

Now, it is an odd fact that the brain can be operated upon and in itself give no sensation. It's the going through the scalp that hurts. So the sticking of needles into the scalp, needles full of anaesthetic, is a task that requires careful, quick doing.

To our surprise, when we told the patient what we were going to do, he seemed relieved and didn't give a tremor as the first steps were taken. Then the bright instruments were snipped here and there to pinch off bleeding and the scalp can bleed plenty when it wants to—and the white skull, with its chipped place the size of a thumbnail, exposed to be worked on.

Simple operation. Loose bone lifted out and there was the grey, jelly-like brain itself. And there, also, but miles removed, was the sound of artillery—of shells breaking high in the air.

Boche bombers on the way. Damn—and here we were gummed up with an operation. Two nights ago they'd almost hit the hospital. Blew in most of the windows on one side. Now they were coming again. And the faint, clear explosions increased in number, and now a nearer battery took up the baying.

I glanced at the nurses from my position at the head of the table, between the doctors, where I held the patient's head beneath sterile towels, and my hands were sticky with oozing blood. The nurses were

holding things or getting things. Not an eye batted.

I glanced at the buddy, farther down the table. He caught my eye and lifted his feet up and down once or twice. The Colonel scowled; the floor of the room was insecure, and any movement made it jiggle. He flicked an eye at the buddy.

And then our batteries over in the woods sent a smashing shell into the air. And the air, from a sudden veer in its current, brought to us distinct pulses of many motors roaring somewhere up there. But not a sound in the operating room save the heavy breathing of the patient.

"Feel anything?" asked the Colonel, in low voice, of the patient. The patient muttered, "Sounds like somebody was workin' on the roof, or poundin' on an empty box. Don't hurt none . . ." and closed his eyes.

Bangity—wham! High explosive breaking overhead from the batteries down there. Whee-e-e—whack! Pieces coming down. Hum-hum-hum of the Boche motors. Tack-tack-tack of the machine guns at the railroad station. And us with a canvas over our heads and nowhere to go and nothing to do but to stick there until we got that tiny piece of steel out of that human brain.

Now the motors must be overhead. Why didn't he drop those bombs and be done? Get it over . . . come on, damn you, drop 'em and get on your way . . . like as not hit us this time.

The artillery stopped. The machine guns died away. Loud hummed the German birds, and the night was crowded with the pulse of them. Crowded—and then utterly empty. He'd shut off his motors. Ah—that explained the stop in firing—the Boche was so low our men couldn't shoot without coming down on us. There came a new sound—whistling of mighty wind—a beating of gigantic wings.

"He's diving on us," muttered the buddy.

Again the Colonel glanced at him, and he said, "Stop shaking this table." Voice even and all in his work.

Boom! A bomb. Floor jumped under us. Bam! bam! bam!

Somewhere a roomful of windows smashed in. A shelf of bottles jumped out and dashed to the floor behind me. The patient rolled his head and groaned and gave a yell about the dirty Boche shooting at him, and him already shot in the head. The nurses held immovable eyes on the doctor's hands, in their thick rubber gloves, and the buddy and I stopped thinking, stopped breathing.

Why don't you drop that next bomb? Hell—drop it—

And the whoop of motors broke out to one side of our roof and up and away went the rushing thing of the night and a minute later little Crevecoeur got the bombs that were saved from us.

Ah—there was the foreign body. Very little injury to the surrounding tissue of the brain. A man of sound mind for life after this damn war. Scalp sewed up after the skull was fixed; a dressing was applied, and the French stretcher men carried him out.

As I was washing my hands in red water, the buddy stood beside me and made quiet comment, but heart-felt.

And his comment was about the Germans and it cannot be repeated here, and I may say that I increased his ante by two. Even at that, though, it but feebly expressed our burnt-up feelings.

Decree of Distribution: Estate of und. 1-5 Int. each, March 31, Lot 35, Laura J. Nuttall to Mrs. E. C. Hicks, blk. B., lots 9 and 10 and N 1-2 of Edward E. Vernon V., and Herbert 11 and 12, blk. 44, Pacific Grove Re-M. Nuttall, and Mrs. A. A. McCoy, treat.

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In the Market Place

IN certain parts of Europe some centuries ago, the farm laborer was wont to stand in the town market place holding a straw in his mouth as a sign that he was looking for employment.

Today the uninvested dollar places itself in the open market. As to an individual, it must be offered an occupation free from personal hazard, with steady employment and attractive wages.

In providing telephone facilities for nationwide service, the Bell System has employed millions of such dollars. The savings of more than half a million American telephone users, invested in Bell System Securities, have built the system that serves them. Theirs is an investment in service, and they themselves have served by investing.



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One Policy - One System - Universal Service

For Each Carmel Problem, No Matter What,

CARMEL'S LEGAL NEWSPAPER

Without going into the legal issues involved, which courts are constituted to adjudge, the Pine Cone states its reasons for believing that it should be the official newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, and that all ordinances, resolutions and legal notices required by law to be published, should be printed in its columns.

There is but one reason for such publication, and that is to give the people affected notice of the matter involved. It might be done by notices posted on trees, fences and telephone or light poles, and that was the method in the old days, before there was a newspaper. But nowadays, that way would be too costly, and less efficacious than by newspaper publication, if that publication be in a newspaper that is read by the people affected.

The Pine Cone is the town paper, read by every class, and of general circulation, not only in the town, but to most non-resident owners and tax-payers. During its twelve years of life, it has built up a circulation that is solid; a substantial matter of proof, not brag; and one that is not dependent, week by week, upon the contents of its columns in that issue. The Pine Cone has never tried, by attacking Carmel individuals, besmirching character, belittling fair intentions and accomplishments, by scandals or salaciousness or yellowness, to gain a newsstand sale, but has depended for readers upon a consistent policy of printing all the news, with local comment that has not considered itself super-omniscient or super-omnipotent.

And so the Pine Cone has grown in size and in number of readers until, today, it prints more news in one issue than its contemporary does in a month, and sends the news to a greater number of subscribers by hundreds. Five times as many advertisers—all on a cash basis, none on "trade"—seek their market through the Pine Cone columns.

The object of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea in paying for space in a newspaper for advertising is exactly the same as that of any general advertiser: to place before as many of the people interested, as possible, what it needs to say to them; in other words, to get advertising results. On that basis, there is no place for the City to advertise but in the Pine Cone. An inspection of our list of paid subscribers, people who pay their money in advance because they are confident the Pine Cone will continue to be published, is the evidence to the point.

Again, apart from the merit of its columns, the newspaper that has served a community faithfully for years should be given some advantage, surely, over the fly-by-night type of publication that springs up in communities for immediate advantage, that might live or exist by virtue of "contributions," whose business is not what might fairly be described as a "going concern," and whose demise is frequently followed by the clamor of creditors.

The Pine Cone pioneered itself and this community through the lean years, paying its way as it went, giving its best to help build its neighbors while it built itself, standing honestly and firmly for the right—an institution of and by Carmel, that has earned consideration.

Substantiality, as represented by years of fair dealing and proven financial responsibility, is an asset not only to the Pine Cone but to every subscriber and to every advertiser.

No law was ever passed or contemplated by the legislators of California to deprive a newspaper of standing, such as the Pine Cone, of the publication of city legal notices. The intent of the law was the very opposite: to prevent privateering

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

Established February 10, 1915.
Published Weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Co.
Entered as second-class matter February 10, 1915, at the postoffice at Carmel, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription rates: One year, \$2; Six months, \$1.25; Three months, 65c.
The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.
PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

STRANGE!

By Alice de Nair
Sorrow courted and we
Were wed. . . .

Strange that the heart in me
Bled and bled!

Grief our garden is kept
By care. . . .

Strange that the tears I've wept
Never bloom there!

Pain is a house we found
Built upon sighs. . . .

Strange that the rooms resound
Only to cries!

Life came to call on morn
Bearing Birth's toll. . . .

Strange that his child, new-born,
Was my own soul!

OUT OF A CLOUD

By Dorothy Drake
(Age Ten)

Out of a cloud came a bugle call.
It came from the fairies' banquet-hall:
They were drinking from flasks of honey-comb
In their lovely little floating home.
Leaving for the Earth that night,
They flew by the Moon's great giving light
Till they came to the ocean sparkling bright:
There a mermaid sang songs
That settled the wrongs
For the fairy throngs.

THE POET-FOOL

By Grace Wallace

He was a jade-green rounded fragile leaf
Dancing upon high winds in a mad world;
When upon thick and spiny leaves winds hurled
His lyric verdure, he upwithered brief.
He could see shadows in the crystal ball
Of Time: with cunning read its curious writs
In the cracked mirror of his tattered wits,
And in strange rhythms he upgathered all.
The Poet Fool the village christened him—
Smugly his broken genius summarized;
Nor once their earth-brown commonplace surmised
How the green leaf danced in his twilight dim;
Nor once their earth-brown commonplace surmised
When his wistful wilding poet-heart had ceased!

upon established and sound newspapers.

Dependability is the essence of newspaper success—yea, even in Carmel, where there is much good nature, and life is not entirely taken as a weighty and most serious thing. Especially is dependability a necessity to a City, whose legal notices frequently require certainty of issue. An entire proceeding, involving thousands of dollars expenditure, might be invalidated by the sudden demise of the newspaper carrying the city advertising, or even by a temporary embarrassment (whatever its nature) that necessitated the delay of a day in getting the paper out. Regularity of issue is almost as necessary as certainty of issue where legal notices are concerned. Nor do a few posters announcing the change of date for that issue, stuck up in newsstand windows, make the advertising any more legal. No one has ever doubted the certainty that the Pine Cone would produce a "next issue." No one has ever doubted the certainty that it would appear on its day of publication.

As to the ownership of the Pine Cone, and the residences of its stockholders: The Pine Cone Press Publishing Corporation is incorporated under the laws of the State of California, and has four owners. They are Perry Newberry, Allen Griffin, Bertha Newberry, and Phyllis Griffin. The Newberrys live in Hatton Fields, and have been residents of Carmel or its immediate environs, since 1910. Since 1910, they have been tax-payers here, and have never been off the city assessment list since Carmel-by-the-Sea was incorporated. Allen Griffin lives at Los Ranchitos, up the Carmel Valley, is publisher of the Peninsula Daily Herald, a prosperous daily newspaper with interests, advertisers and circulation in Carmel, has owned property and lived in this city and knows its ways, and is certainly more truly a Carmelite than some who now live here. There need be no explanations or apologies for the Pine Cone's owners, past or present; Carmel knows them.

Nor do we apologize for the fact that a certain part of the mechanical end of the newspaper is done at the Herald's plant in Monterey. Why should we? We pay the Herald for it, true; but so does the Herald pay in Carmel for news, gathering and paper distribution. And after all, the Pine Cone has a bigger payroll locally, buys more supplies in town, and spends more money each week in Carmel than any other newspaper. Its work, its heart and its finances are here. It chooses to do most of its "factory work" elsewhere. That is an economy that reflects to financial advantage. The Pine Cone is not a mendicant. It pays its bills and takes its discounts. It sells on its merits and asks for no "support." It is independent of donors, cranks, financiers, subsidizers. Its readers KNOW it is here to stay.

The Pine Cone IS the local newspaper of Carmel. Nothing can take that from it. Age, character, its financial stamina and probity, its property interests, its paid circulation in the town and among the town's non-resident property owners, its friends and its enemies—all combine to make it distinctively Carmel's newspaper.

TO THE WATER WORKS MAN

Dear Mr. Olmstead:—We are all of us worn out in the Pine Cone office because people keep coming in and saying to us: "Isn't there something peculiar in the taste of the water?"

For a few days, we would say that there was, and it was probably the chlorination, and tell them how necessary it was to health, and all that. But it got so that we couldn't get through saying so much before another person came in and said: "Isn't there something peculiar in the taste of the water?"

The Editors Offer All That They've Got

Perhaps it is because we have written so many editorials about your water company that the people seem to think we own it, maybe, or that we are trying to poison them, and come and ask us about it. So we are writing you to give us a real good talk, that can be said quickly before another gets in, that will explain why the water tastes like a high school experiment in chemistry that has gone wrong.

We are not mad at you any more because you wanted to increase the price of water, because we know that water that tastes like this water tastes, must be pretty expensive to produce. Only, if it's all the same to you, we prefer peppermint flavor. Or most any other flavor than what it is. And maybe not quite so thick.

We can't tell the folks to boil it any more. We did tell them that, but they boiled it and it tasted worse, and they had to go out in the garden while they aired the kitchen. Then they came down to our office and said things about our intelligence that hurt. What we want is a neat, short story about hell-divers or water-plants, that will sound right, and not take over

two minutes to tell; and that Mary can learn and tell over the counter, without having to send them back to the editorial room, where we are trying to make a newspaper.

THEY'RE SAVING THE TREES

Superintendent of Streets Fraser's statement at Monday night's council meeting that the sewer contractor was digging by hand the trenches around the Forest Theatre grounds, and so will save the pines and oaks that otherwise would have gone down before the digging machines, is the best kind of news. Throughout Carmel, next to the trees in front of one's own property, come the Forest Theatre and the center plot on Ocean Avenue. These are places of interest and affection to the people, and their beauty of trees and shrubbery must be maintained.

On Ocean Avenue, it seems that the pines are thriving where the garden plot around the base is large, and are looking sick where it is small, or there is none. Not enough water gets to the roots, perhaps. The death of any of these trees would be a calamity.

Francisco writers shouldn't have all the best of it.

It was Alice MacGowan — Mrs. Cooke's sister and partner — who split honors with me on the lecture stand at Paul Elder's one afternoon some years ago. Then, too, we were educating the public on the mystery story — or she was. I think I talked more about Coppa's restaurant than about books; I had seen an advertisement in the paper as we went up on the train, that Coppa was opening a new cafe on California street.

Frederick A. Stokes Company had just published the first of our Jerry Boyne collaborations, "The Million Dollar Suitcase," which, as "Two and Two," ran serially in the Saturday Evening Post. Paul Elder had written suggesting that we boom the sale by giving one lecture between us. So we talked to two or three hundred women, and sold two or three books, maybe. Then we went down to Coppa's opening, and helped make the night properly hilarious. George Sterling was there, Charles Rollo Peters, Maynard Dixon, Wilbur Hall, and many others whom we knew. Because we were late getting there, and there wasn't a seat available at any table, Coppa laid us a cloth on the brick cooking grill, and we sat on two stools before it.

We ate dollars and dollars worth of food, and when the waiter brought the check, Coppa himself had made it—I showed it to Alice MacGowan; seventy cents. Thirty-five cents each. Which was because, a quarter of a century before, in the old Montgomery Building, I used to eat dinner regularly at Coppa's, and paid thirty-five cents for it every night. And if I go into Coppa's tonight for dinner, the cost to me will be the same. Thirty-five cents. Which is the most practical symbol of fame I'll ever get.

On West 57th Street in New York, a group of organizations interested in modern art has arranged a machine-age exhibition of unusual interest, says the Christian Science Monitor. It is one of the first attempts in America to celebrate the wonders of the machine from an aesthetic point of view, although various cults and schools in Europe have long chanted the praises of this mechanical era. The Futurists, the Constructivists, the Ultraists, etc., have waxed warm over the new tenets of their artistic faiths, celebrating the machine with elaborate bursts of declamation and issuing manifestos of remarkable complexity.

The outstanding novelty in this exposition, is the all-glass skyscraper of Hugh Ferriss, the noted architect, who was a last winter visitor in Carmel. Says the Monitor, "The model, cleverly fashioned of softly toned glass and lit from within, is something to think about. Mr. Ferriss has long been in the front line of architectural innovators and has contributed largely to the new fashions in skyscraper construction. His tower of glass may not be so very wide of the mark, and most certainly the possibility of buildings flooded with sunlight by day and standing as fiery beacons of soaring grace by night is a delightful prospect."

Paul Mays, who has been actively at work since he and his bride came to Carmel six weeks ago, received news this week of the sale of two of his large canvases to the Cleveland, Ohio, Woman's Club, for the decor-

ation of their clubhouse. The paintings were both of local interest, one being Monterey Bay, the other a Spanish adobe, and done here.

The Mays are living in the Evan Mosher studio-home at Carmelo and Santa Lucia, where—for Mrs. May too, is an artist—they are working on great decorated chests, bright in colors, and where Paul is getting ready a one-man exhibit to be given in Philadelphia and Cleveland in the fall. There is a promise that the paintings will be shown here before they go east.

From the Greenwich (Conn.) Press, comes the story that Gene Byrnes, the cartoonist, has bought seventy-five acres on the Round Hill road in that city, and will subdivide it into acre tracts. The property is partly wooded, and has several brooks on it, and Byrnes plans to construct a lake. Also, says the newspaper, Byrnes intends to build himself a residence there.

Gene Byrnes still owns considerable property in Carmel, where he lived several years, and is yet considered one of the Carmelites.

The Lambs' Club of New York, as everybody knows, is primarily the actor's own social institution, and its Gambols are world renowned. At a recent one, given at the Metropolitan Opera House, among a score of "America's most prominent actors," as the New York Times put it, second on the list was Walter Catlett.

Farther down the list are Weber and Fields, William H. Crane, Raymond Hitchcock, David Warfield, and William Courtleigh, with a bunch almost as well known to the people at large, but none of them has the local appeal of Walter Catlett. In Carmel he is known as the husband of Zanetta Catlett of the interior decorating shop, and the father of young Dick Catlett. Honors enough.

Former Senator James D. Phelan, Peter F. Dunne, Matthew A. McCullough, Bradford M. Melvin, Bishop Edward L. Parsons, Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee, Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, Chester Rowell and Henry C. Reynolds were among the signers of a petition sent today to Governor C. C. Young by the American Civil Liberties union asking for a pardon for Anita Whitney.

"Such imprisonment we regard as a reflection upon the intelligence and humanity of the State, and an unmerited degradation to one who has worked all her life in the interests of humanity and social progress," reads the petition, which asks Governor Young to issue a pardon to Miss Whitney "in furtherance of justice and for the best interests of the State itself."

Included among the thousand signers of the petition were also Mrs. Parker Maddux, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Miss Alice Griffith, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Porter, Mrs. Edward F. Glaser, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Miss Naomi Deutsch, and Mrs. Louise Keating.

Miss Jane Foster arrived home from Berkeley last week to spend the summer with her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Foster at their home on San Antonio. Miss Foster is a student at Miss Head's in Berkeley.

A charming exhibition of decorative flower paintings by W. C. Covington was held last week at the Carmel Art Gallery. The exhibition closed on June 1.

In case of fire, call 100.

People Talked About

Daisy Bostick, chief of the renting department of the Carmel Realty Co., leads a strenuous life these days. She is the home-finder for the stranger within our gates, and there is a week-end mob of them. This experience, related sadly by Mrs. Bostick, though unusual in that she was to blame, illustrates the conditions confronting her.

She had a letter asking for a cottage for two weeks. The man explained that he would be married in San Francisco at noon, Saturday, and would bring his bride to Carmel. They would arrive in the evening some time. Would she kindly secure them a pleasant honeymoon cottage, and have it ready for his bride and himself?

Mrs. Bostick took charge, found a duck of a place, had flowers placed in every room, and telephoned the man, long-distance, that all was ready, and he would find the key, in an envelope addressed to him, pinned to the office front door.

For that is one of the customs of Carmel which might be termed "original" if it were anywhere else. Keys are left for tenants after business hours tacked to the office door. With the key is usually a map marked with the cottage rented, and showing the route to it.

In the agonies of an excessively busy Saturday—here Daisy, in telling of the affair, went into details of explanation and self reproach—the key, route and map were completely forgotten. They were never pinned to the office door. Nor did Daisy Bostick remember the oversight until Sunday afternoon. Watching a game of ball at the Abalone League grounds, thought of the awful oversight suddenly came to her. Daisy nearly fainted then and there.

Through her mind, in flashes of lightning brilliance, ran pictures of that honeymoon pair driving contentedly into Carmel to find themselves cheated of their happiness by her neglect. The hotels would be crowded; there would be no place for them to go; and they had trusted her.

Pale, with hands that trembled on the wheel, she backed her coupe and swung around toward town, just as

Winsor Josselyn lifted a pop-fly in to the shortstop's mitt; and she never even heard the shouts of wild merriment. Away she rushed to the flower-bedecked bridal cottage of her selection. From its chimney, she saw smoke wreathes. She braked, and stopped before its door.

A young man who answered her knock began thanking her before she had more than told her name. A pretty girl came to his side, and blushing added her praises of the cottage, and thanks for the lovely flowers. Daisy managed to gasp, "But how did you find it?"

"At your office. Man there told us the way. No trouble at all."

"The key?"

"He gave us the key."

"But nobody was at the office last night," cried Daisy.

"We didn't get here last night; in fact we only arrived an hour ago. Changed our minds and stayed at San Jose at a hotel."

Rafe Todd was in the real estate business. One day the head of the office told him that the proprietor of the Crystal Market was a prospect for a residence, and they had such and such a house for sale that might suit; go see him, and show it.

Rafe went to the Crystal Market in Monterey, found the proprietor and said, "I understand you're looking for a house. I have exactly what you want, and—"

"But how did you know that I was thinking of buying a house?" the prospect broke in.

"We have our ways of knowing," mysteriously from Rafe.

"You certainly must be a mind reader. It was only last night that wife and I determined that we should own our own home, and I hadn't said a word to a soul. Did she—?"

"Better look at this house now," and Rafe got the man into his car, picked up the wife at her home, and in an hour had their check in his pocket, and their names on the dotted lines. Back at the office, he nonchalantly tossed the papers on the boss's desk, with—

"There's that Crystal Market man's check. Sold him easy."

"Fine work! Grand!" He picked up the papers, then stared at the signature. "But who in hades is this man?"

"Crystal Market; you sent me; in Monterey."

"Monterey? I said at New Monterey. Crystal Market at New Monterey."

So Rafe Todd had to find another house to sell the other Crystal Market prospect. But he didn't complain.

Dorothy Damianakes was in town Saturday, completing arrangements for her dance program at the Golden Bough on the 24th of the month. She and one of her pretty dancers, came in for dinner at the Studio, and we annexed them to our table. It added a cosmopolitan flavor to the names of De Journal, Legendre, Radgesky, and so on already present.

She has personality plus, this young, interpretative dancer. Of Greek descent, Miss Damianakes is a U. C. graduate, and was the first student ever given the honor of directing a Parthenia, the great spring pageant of the women students. I saw only one, back in 1913 I believe, coached by Porter Garnett. Sam Hume had direction of others, I recall. Mostly, they were coached by professionals, and men; and it was a big and important task that was passed up to Dorothy Damianakes in 1926, when she was made directress of "There Was a Shepherdess," the pageant she had written. That she got away with it is proven by the fact that she was chosen this spring to direct "Wings of Ranana," the 1927 Parthenia.

Grace MacGowan Cooke is to tell San Francisco—or as much of it as can crowd into Paul Elder's lecture room—all about the mystery book and how it is made. It will be interesting, and why some of these local clubs that are forever getting bunches of people into chairs to hear someone say something, haven't roped and hog-tied Mrs. Cooke is beyond me. We Carmelites are entitled to the tips her lips will drop as to the ways to make manuscripts acceptable to the publishers. San



Artists and Writers and Such



Writes of the Sort of People He Knows

By Alice De Nair

Just a plain New England Yankee from Maine is Holman F. Day. Or so says he when speaking of himself, which times are rare indeed, for although this story writer and novelist of note is full of good old yarns from the unwritten book of life, in relating them he seldom if ever tells them in the first person.

We sat together in his studio at the Highlands the other day. Lumber, building, labor, wild gardens and marine views were our topics of conversation before I could muster up courage enough to break over the top of a remark of his with the direct question:

"Where do you get the odd and interesting names for characters in your novels and short stories?"

"Been accumulating them for years. Here's a whole notebook full of them. Just a name will often suggest a character and a group of names when I write them down and juggle them up, will suggest innumerable interesting situations. Even fictitious names have vivid personalities."

He took from his desk a scrap of yellow paper on which were written several names. "That's the way I snap out my stories. Get my characters acquainted—decide what big thing each one of them is going to do—light upon a suitable location for the folks and then go along with them on the typewriter."

"Then most of your stories are purely imaginative?"

He answered that they are. Moreover, that often he is without any definite idea of the plot for a yarn until he slips the copy paper into his typewriter and begins.

"It's a business," he went on. "I don't want you to get the idea that I am one of these literary writers. I'm not. I'm a tradesman with a typewriter. As long as I can entertain and amuse a few folks—help them to forget their own particular trades for an hour or more, that's all I aim for."

As he talked I mentioned one of his latest and amusing novels "Clothes Make the Pirate," a book certainly brilliant with literary skill and delicious humor.

"Wrote it in six weeks," said the author. "Am scheduled to get another one out in the same amount of time. Am working on it now."

The Holy Lover

A new novel by Marie Conway Oemler, whose story "Slippy McGee" was such a success. This is one of the season's successes. Price \$2.00.

Lost Ecstasy

By Mary Roberts Rinehart. In no other novel has Mrs. Rinehart essayed so broad a canvas or achieved so definite a triumph. Publication date June 18th. Price \$2.00.

First Edition Book Shop

Ocean Avenue

Carmel

When it's completed I am going to take the first vacation I've treated myself to for three years."

"Speaking of novels," I said, "your first was 'Squire Phip'?"

He nodded, chuckled as though inwardly amused, refilled his pipe, leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Ripley Hitchcock, at that time publisher of a leading magazine, made me write it. I was visiting him in New York. 'Look here, Day,' said he, 'why don't you write a novel?' 'Can't,' said I. 'Can,' said he. 'Haven't the time,' said I. 'Stay right here,' said he, 'no interruptions, and all the time in the world.' He insisted and I couldn't squirm out of it. At the end of a week I read him what I had written. It began with a tragedy. 'Would you like to live with those people you have written about?' said he. 'No,' said I. 'Neither would your readers. Try again,' said he.

"I saw my mistake, tore up the manuscript and opened my story among the plain, cheery Maine country folks I knew so well. Hitchcock was positive the book would sell. I was equally positive I could not write it in New York. We struck a bargain. I hurried to my log writing cabin in the Maine Woods and Hitchcock kept the opening chapters, which he threatened to have set up in print immediately. I was bound to finish the novel. This I did, mailing the story, chapter by chapter so that by the time the last chapter had been mailed and I came out of the Maine Woods to once more land in New York, the book was already off the press. Hitchcock had been on the job."

Surely Holman Day had been on the job ever since, for in addition to a prolific output of short stories, verse and novelettes, he has had published twenty-five novels since his first book "Squire Phip," printed in 1906.

Holman Day has been a resident of Carmel Highlands for two years or more and during that time has written daily from sun-up till high noon without a stop. He is a worker, as well as a weaver of remarkable yarns. He doesn't have to inject with false effort the life-blood that runs through the veins of his stories—it streams in naturally, warmly as he writes. His stories move with living force that stimulates as you read them. It's true Holman Day doesn't stuff his characters with sawdust. They're "live folks" and crammed with the kind of optimism that's good for the soul. As Stan Seekins (one of them) says: "Sure, I wouldn't mind if one of these terroradists took and jugged me away—not if I was thoughtful enough to take a hook an' line an' bait along. I'd have a great time trollin' f'r eagles."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURE

First Church of Christ, Scientist of Carmel cordially invites the public to a free lecture on Christian Science by Peter V. Rasmussen, D.D., of San Francisco, member of the Board of Lecturers of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass. Tuesday evening, June 14, at 8 o'clock at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, Carmel, California. Advertisement.

Children Sing To Hearty Acclaim

Every seat in the Theatre of the Golden Bough was filled Monday night when children of the Sunset Grammar School presented their "Program of Song and Dance." Miss Pauline Newman directed the singing and Ruth Austin had charge of the dancing.

When the curtain opened upon the hundred or so children on the stage, the girls spick and span in middy blouses and the boys in white shirts and "cords," there was a sudden burst of applause from the audience. There couldn't have been anything else, for there is something strangely thrilling about a crowd of shing children. And when they began to sing, the audience knew that it was not just a group of untrained children—it was far more; each child knew perfectly what he or she was expected to do and each child did it. For this, Miss Pauline Newman deserves unlimited praise.

The program opened with the girls and boys together singing Haydn's "Creation" and "The Heavens are Declaring" by Beethoven. The harmony and rhythm was perfect. Three numbers were sung by boys with unchanged voices in the second group. They were "How Sleep the Brave," "Hush, My Dear" and "The Turf Shall be my Fragrant Shrine" by Bach.

The tiny tots of the second and third grades brought down the house with their group of three songs. The last, perhaps, was the most popular. It was "The Nut Tree" composed by Mozart when four years of age. One little boy sang the chorus alone.

There was a group by the fifth and sixth grades, one by the girls and another by the boys' mixed voices. This last was one of the finest on the program. Their two numbers were three part songs, with tenors, sopranos and altos. They sang "Song of Hope" and the "Armourer's Song" by De Koven.

The last group on the program was a song cycle, called "Springtime" by Aschford. While the chorus of children sang a group of five songs, the dancing pupils of Ruth Austin acted out the words in pantomime on the forestage. This group was charming. The little girls were graceful and lovely. The songs were "Voice of the South Wind," "The Two Robins," "Buttercups and Daisies," the "Biggoty Bumble Bee," and "Away to the Woods." One of the loveliest of this group was the "Buttercups and Daisies" with Miss Patty Johnson doing the solo work.

ETCHINGS OF CARMEL

IN NEW STEAMSHIP

Among the New York art notes of the week is the interesting announcement of the Matson Navigation Company that Mary J. Coulter has been commissioned to execute a series of etchings for their new \$3,000,000 steamship, the Malolo, built for the Pacific service. These etchings will be placed in the 300 staterooms on this palatial liner, and the subjects will consist of studies of the old California missions, the Yosemite, Carmel-by-the-Sea and other Pacific coast points of interest. This is the second commission that this artist has received from the Matson Line.

NEW BOOKS IN THE

CARMEL LIBRARY

How Jerusalem was Won, Massey; The Locked Book, Patward; The Silver Forest, Ben Williams; The Blatchington Tangle, Cole; The Wind of Complication, Ertz; The

Proper Place, Douglass; Revolt in Asia, Close; The Land of Promise, Lynn; The King's Henchman, E. St. V. Millay; Back of Beyond, White; The Mortover Grange Affair, J. S. Fletcher; An American Saga, Jensen; Heading North, R. H. Barbour; The War Chief, Gregor; Spanish Alta California, Denis; Doomsday, Warren Deeping; Introduction to Sally, Lady Russell; Dear old Templeton, Alice Brown.

WEAVING ART TAUGHT

The Carmel Summer School of Weaving, under the direction of Hendrika Vander Flier, has opened for the summer months, at the Grey Goose cottage on north Casanova.

Mrs. Vander Flier has adopted a new method of art weaving by which she can weave intricate designs and patterns on tapestries, rugs, and hangings. She is the only person in America who can repair the famous old French Gobelin tapestry, having taken a course at the Hague, Holland. She has also studied the art of weaving in Sweden and Norway.

Elementary patterns and designs are first taught to the pupils, who then gradually work up to the more beautiful and more difficult designs. The studio will be open to visitors on every Saturday afternoon from three to five, after this week. Mrs. Vander Flier has an interesting collection of Dutch antiques that she brought to America on her last trip.

DIVINE WORSHIP

"Jobs for Giants" will be the theme of the 11 a.m. service at Carmel Community Church, Sunday. The new officers of the Epworth League will be installed. League service at 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, June 19th will be Children's Day, with special exercises by the Sunday School.

New officers elected last Friday night by the Epworth League are as follows: President, Welfton Campbell; First department, Muriel Watson, Mrs. J. Johnson; Second department, Arlene Payne, Evelyn Arne; Third department, Mary Elizabeth Douglass, Mildred Pierson; Fourth department, Bert Young, Dorothy Benson; Secretary, Dick Watson; Treasurer, Scott Douglass.

After the election the officers drove to Salinas and extended an invitation to the Alliance to meet in Carmel August 12th. The invitation was accepted. Seven Epworth Leagues compose the Alliance.

Mr. and Mrs. William Trimmer of Salt Lake City were week end guests of Highlands Inn. They will motor back to Salt Lake, stopping off in Portland, Oregon to visit with friends. Mr. Trimmer is vice-president of the Continental Bank in Salt Lake. While here they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herkey for the day.

Mrs. Noble White, President of the sixth district of the P. T. A. will be the guest of Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger for a few days. Mrs. White addressed this week's meeting of the Carmel P. T. A.

Mrs. M. T. Brewer and daughter Frances are back in their home on north Lincoln street from six months in the east.

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Announces...

The Opening of His
Carmel Studio

For the Summer

June 1st to Oct. 1st

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The Carmel Studio will
be open in conjunction
with the main studio in
San Francisco

Sittings by Appointment
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unusual bargains in
Highlands property,
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Wooded building plots
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The Highlands as low
as \$1,000. Terms.

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Drawing, Painting, Landscape, Figure, Portrait Oils, Water Colors, Pastels, Black and White

Piano and Voice — Physical Education — Art Weaving

Celia Burnham Seymour, Director

For further information, address

Sara A. Deming, President

Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts

P. O. Box 639

New Public Golf Course

For the Monterey Peninsula

MONTEREY PENINSULA is known the world over as "a playground," having gained this reputation because of its extensive and enticing facilities for outdoor sport. But, it has been suddenly forced upon us that its golf courses, polo grounds, riding trails, tennis courts and swimming pool, are privately owned, and that they were instituted to draw patronage to the hostleries of the Del Monte Properties Company, and to influence purchasers of their lands.

All of which is eminently proper and is an evidence of the shrewd foresight and advertising capacity of that company.

Hitherto the general public has had the use of these facilities at moderate charges, with the result that on week ends and holidays, the golf courses in particular, have become so crowded as to interfere with the comfort and exclusiveness of the Del Monte patrons.

In order to curtail this condition, green fees to other than Del Monte patrons have been advanced to prices that will be prohibitive to the majority of the large army of golfing visitors, and their families, who do not patronize the Del Monte hostleries, or purchase their lands.

But, in curtailing the play on these courses, a severe blow, doubtless unintentional, has been struck at the interests of the business men, other hotels, and residents, who, in numbers, and value of their holdings, far exceed all other interests on the Peninsula.

It means that these golfers will not visit the Peninsula as in the past, and they and their families will seek their amusements elsewhere.

This will result in loss of income to the merchants, hotels, restaurants, banks, professional men, and owners of homes usually rented in the season, in fact, to the entire community.

The situation cannot be overcome this season, and IF STEPS ARE NOT TAKEN NOW to counteract it, it will be more serious next year, and will accentuate the avoidance of the Peninsula that existed prior to the erection of the new hotels which the people had to build in self defense.

It is quite true that the scenic beauties of our section attract many **PASSERS THROUGH**, but in these days of automobile restlessness, people also want to be furnished with amusement, **OR THEY WILL NOT LINGER IN ANY COMMUNITY.**

It is apparent, therefore, that the time has arrived when we can **NO LONGER LEAN ON THE DEL MONTE** but must provide the necessary amusements ourselves.

A public golf course, at the normal green fees usually paid elsewhere by the average golfer, is our first step.

We estimate the lowest cost of financing a golf course and a club house that will meet present requirements, at \$180,000.00, and in order to raise this sum we have decided to sell "Golf" through the medium of

10 YEAR PLAYING GOLF PRIVILEGE
at an attractive price.

Our first step was to secure a body of land for the ten year period, which we did by inducing the Monte Regio Corporation to lease to the Monterey Country Club, a California Corporation, 120 acres of the most beautiful and sheltered portion of their holdings, on which they will construct an 18 hole, all grass golf course of championship calibre, to be known as the

MONTEREY GOLF COURSE

and an attractive and comfortable club house.

No ground rental is charged to the Monterey Country Club, which will look to green fees from the public for their upkeep.

We therefore offer

300 PLAYING GOLF PRIVILEGES

at \$5.00 a month, or \$60.00 a year, or \$600.00 for the 10-year period payable \$240 cash, and the balance in 12 months, the holders of which can play golf every day for 10 years. Best of all they have no dues to pay and are not liable for assessments.

These will be transferrable to eligible people after the 300 have been sold, and have profit making possibilities, because after the course is in operation any newcomer who golfs should be glad to buy them on the basis of \$120.00 a year.

When 150 of these Privileges are sold, work on the golf course will begin immediately. A certain date has been set us before which these 150 must be sold. IF WE DO NOT SELL them by that date, ALL MONIES WILL BE RETURNED IN FULL, the undertaking will be abandoned and we shall be out our labor and time and expenses; but from the interest which has already greeted our first announcement we are led to believe that we shall complete our task well within the allotted time.

SITE OF THE GOLF COURSE AND CLUB HOUSE

The site that has been selected for the golf course is the finest on the Peninsula, lying as it does 400 to 450 feet above sea level on the Monte Regio Tract. It is sheltered from wind and fog by the ridge to the West, rising to 700 feet above sea level and will be **IMMENSELY POPULAR FOR THIS REASON ALONE.** Nos. 9, 12 and 18 greens and Nos. 1, 10 and 13 tees are in view from the club house.

Holders of the Playing Golf Privileges will have the use of the entire club house while the public will be accommodated in that portion set apart for golf.

Mr. W. G. Hudson and Mr. T. A. Work have kindly consented to act as Trustees and all monies will be made payable to them and disbursed by them until the course and club house have been completed. All checks should be made payable to—

W. G. Hudson & T. A. Work, Trustees for the Monterey Country Club

We know that our plan is logical, that it meets the present situation of our community and believe that it merits the fullest support of every resident and business man in Carmel, Pacific Grove and Monterey, who has the interest of the Peninsula at heart.

We shall be delighted to show you over the site of the course and club house at any time and are sure you will be enamoured with it. In asking your earnest and prompt cooperation may we not sign ourselves,

Cordially and faithfully yours,

Harnett & Co.

Sales Office — Carmel Road and Soledad Drive, Monterey

Telephone Monterey 1670. P. O. Box 747

Spotlight and Back-stage

Houses Poor Reward For What Price Glory

By E. L.

An excellent cast and a very poor house were features prominent in the performances of "What Price Glory," the tragic comedy of the Great War, written by Maxwell Anderson and Lawrence Stallings, given at the Theatre of the Golden Bough last week end by the Pen-dragon Players of Palo Alto. The play was directed by Margaret Kisch.

It is very often the case in a play produced by amateurs that one or two members of the cast are good, several are "middling" and the rest

are poor. But this performance was an exception to the rule. The roles were well cast, each actor played his part to the utmost and no lines or cues were forgotten or missed that were apparent to the audience. All in all, it was one of the best acted plays seen in Carmel for a long time. It was unfortunate that on both Saturday and Sunday nights the theater was barely half filled.

Delmer Daves did a fine piece of work as Captain Flagg, the rough and hardened veteran—the typical army man. He was as tough as they make them in some parts of the play, but in the scene with the boy, Private Lewisohn, played by Clarence Ricklefs, he was as tender to

him as his own mother could have been. Daves had the appearance, the physique and the voice of an ideal Captain Flagg.

James Quinby, who played the part of Sergeant Quirt also did some admirable work. One of the best scenes in the play was the drinking bout between Quirt and Flagg.

Olive Presler, the only girl in the play, Charmaine de la Cognac, was excellent. As the beautiful and fickle French girl, she won the audience upon her first appearance on the stage.

Another excellent character was Paul Dehoux as Pete de la Cognac. But they were all good, Howard Wickersham, J. P. Neifing and Joe Crawford as the three corporals, and Clarence Ricklefs as Lewisohn. It was excellent performance.

CATCHY PROGRAMS AT MANZANITA MOVIES

The program of the Manzanita Theater for the month of June includes several fine pictures. Among them are "Evening Clothes" with Adolphe Menjou, which will be shown next Monday and Tuesday, "The Duchess of Buffalo" on Wednesday and Harry Langdon in "The Strong Man" on Thursday and Friday.

Adolphe Menjou plays sophisticated Parisian roles better than any other actor on the screen, it is generally admitted. In "Evening Clothes" he is again cast as a Parisian, but he is not the gay boulevardier all the way through the picture. He is first seen in an absolutely different characterization, as a French country gentleman, who although of aristocratic background and tremendous wealth, has enough of the homely manners of the soil to repel the dainty Paris bride with whose parents he arranges a match. Virginia Valli is the leading woman.

Harry Langdon's latest laugh riot, "The Strong Man," is a hit the whole family will like. If you like to laugh it will knock you for a joyful loop, give you a ticklish somersault, and catch you with a chest gurgle on the rebound.

If you like to cry—it will stop your breath with a hoarse catch, will send the tears rolling down your cheeks, and quicken your pulse with pathetic sympathy for the wistful moonfaced, lonesome boy who strolls across the screen in the appealing personality of Harry Langdon.

PRESENTS PROGRAM OF INTERESTING FILMS

Can the dead return to commune with the living? This is the rock upon which Peter Grimm and his beloved friend, Doctor McPherson, split. They are constantly wrangling, in a good natured manner, over this question.

The picture "The Return of Peter Grimm" will be shown Saturday night, June 11, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Alex B. Francis, celebrated film actor, is playing the title role and Richard Walling, and Janet Graynor have the featured romantic roles. The cast includes John St. Polis, Elizabeth Patterson, Florence Gilbert, John Roche, Lionel Belmore, Micky McBan and several other favorites.

Victor Shertzinger, who has been responsible for dozens of outstanding successes directed "The Return of

Peter Grimm" from the screen play prepared by Bradley King.

On Sunday night "The Country Beyond," taken from James Oliver Curwood's well known novel, will be shown. The natural beauty of the Canadian wilds and the gay lights of Broadway are both featured in this picture.

"The Country Beyond" features Olive Borden, who achieved stellar rank in "Fig Leaves." She plays the part of Valencia, a shy Canadian girl, who, driven from her home by fear that she will be sold by her foster-father to a brutal trapper, goes to New York where she achieves fame as a dancer.

Ralph Graves in the role of "Jolly" Roger McKay, is the boy she leaves behind her, and Gertrude Astor plays the part of the menace who nearly wrecks her life in New York. In addition to the screen favorites already mentioned, the cast includes J. Farrell McDonald, Evelyn Selbie, Fred Kohler, Lawford Davidson, Alfred Fisher and Lottie Williams. Irving Cummings directed the picture.

GREAT WAR FILM BENEFIT FOR AMERICAN LEGION

"Men of Purpose," which will be shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Thursday, June 16th under the auspices of Monterey Peninsula Post No. 41, American Legion, is one of the most thrilling and spectacular war pictures ever filmed.

Each scene, taken by army photographers, shows truthfully and vividly every branch of the service in action. The armies of the United States, France, England, Italy, Russia, Serbia, Greece, Belgium, Roumania, Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria may be seen in actual conflict, as the pictures were taken during battles fought in various foreign countries.

By means of a special lens, photographs were made of the very thickest of the fray and these scenes of life at the front are lightened here and there by true comedy touches.

"Men of Purpose" is no writer's conception, but vivid, photographic history of war.

Starting with the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, the act that served as the trigger which unsprung the mailed fist of Germany, and which is the only posed scene in the entire 10,000 feet of film in "Men of Purpose," the viewer is carried, incident by incident into nation after nation, every branch of every country's service, on land and sea and in the air, and on to the signing of the armistice which brought to an end this great conflict.

Ted Kuster has donated the The-

atre of the Golden Bough to the American Legion in order to bring this marvelous war record to Carmel.

Tickets for this remarkable spectacle may be secured from any Legion member, at the Carmel Land Co. office, the Carmel Investment Co. and Staniford's Drug Store.

DRAMATIC TABLEAUX

ELSA HEYMANN'S ART

Miss Elsa Heymann comes to the Theatre of the Golden Bough next Friday night in a program of lyric and dramatic tableaux.

The works of Amy Lowell, Robert Herrick and Edward Carpenter, with musical arrangement, will comprise part of the numbers given, and the aids of lights, colors, costume, make-up, settings, the dance and music are called into play during her recitals.

Miss Heymann's equipment for the work is ample, her voice unusually effective in a wide range of tones and notes, and her action graceful, interpretative and illuminating.

GOLDEN BOUGH

Theatre — Carmel

7:00 - 8:45—Adm. 10c, 30c, 50c

Saturday - June 11

"The Return of Peter Grimm"

Do the dead return to living?

News - Comedy - Scenic

Sunday - June 12

"The Country Beyond"

by

J. Oliver Curwood
with
OLIVE BORDEN

Next Week

Marriage License

with

Virginia Valli

Family Up Stairs

with

Alma Rubens

MANZANITA

Theatre

SATURDAY

"FLAMING FURY"

RANGER

The Wonder Dog Star

SUNDAY



"Comprenez-vous papa?"
"O-o-o la-la, oui oui"

MONDAY - TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY

"THE DUCHESS OF BUFFALO"

Constance Talmadge

THURSDAY - FRIDAY



Barber Shop Ballads

By Winsor Josselyn

"Ever see a woman work on a to oil the machinery with. But piece of machinery, tryin' to repair when I tried to get the go-around it?" asked Al of the solemn barber. The barber was poking a screwdriver into the gears of a hand-crank emery wheel and seeking to tighten its vitals.

"Somehow," went on Al, sinking into shoulder-blade comfort in the corner armchair of the shop's guest department, "a woman is just naturally at odds with machinery. But she don't seem to know it. And she'll attack the most complicated things with a courage that'd take a man three drinks before he'd begin gettin' the tools together. Tools? And a woman don't even get the right tools to use.

"Take my niece, for instance, and that there portable phonograph of hers."

While giving the barber time to devote attention to the story, Al reached over and borrowed a tin of tobacco from the magazine-littered table and filled his pipe. A match was also borrowed, and soon the room had smoking par aroma.

"That there girl never does get over bein' a puzzle to me, with her ways that make you all out of sorts, and then other ways that make you just know the modern generation's the finest thing we ever had in the way of human beings. But to get to the phonograph.

"I'd worked on it tryin' to make it stop grindin' every time it went around, but I didn't seem to do much good and she'd told me she'd fix it herself and I told her to leave it alone. Well, yesterday when I come in from up town, she was sittin' beside it on the rug and it was playin' as sweet as could be, the grind all gone. Beside it, on the floor, was a hammer and two butter knives and a pair of tiny scissors for fingernails.

"Oh, uncle!" she says, 'didn't I tell you I could fix it?'

"I looked at them things beside it and give a cough. But she kept her big eyes on me and she was so pleased with herself that I couldn't help laughin'. And the darn machine was goin' about perfect. So I asked her how she done it, and she was all set to tell me, woman like.

"Well," she says, 'I just couldn't stand the awful noise any longer, so I got all these tools—they were all I could find—and started to work. And just look at my fingernail. Broke it right off trying to get that go-around thing loose. But by puttin' the butter knives on each side of it, I pried loose the little spring that holds it together and off it came all at once.

"Then I could see underneath it and found everything just awful loose. The stopper thing nearly fell to pieces by itself. And so it was butter knives again to the rescue, and she give a nod of her head that sent bobbed hair into her eyes."

Al complied with the barber's request that he turn the emery wheel handle real slow while the gears be given close scrutiny. And Al took up the thread of the yarn while turning.

"And then," the girl said, 'I tightened everything up as tight as I could, and lots of other little screws under there, too. Looked nice as could be after I got all that dust out and put on some furniture polish 2, blk 24, Carmel City.

"So I wound it up tight and put on a Jack Smith record and turned it on and Uncle, you just should have seen it. Bounced up and down like a record that's been in the sun a week. Scratched and scraped and groaned and was all off tune. I nearly cried, I did.

"I got so mad with it that I just gave it another whack with the hammer and didn't care. And what do you think? Just like magic it began to behave itself. All the noise went out of it and you can see how nice it is now, can't you? But oh—will you just look at that fingernail, and me with a date this evening?"

"And that," concluded Al, still turning the emery crank, "is the way women do things that are all wrong and get results that are all right. As I say, they're kind of a puzzle sometimes."

The wheel was put back in its case, and Al moved for the door.

"Goin' up to the Drug Store," he explained, "and see if they got a record your niece wants particular. One of them ballads, like all of 'em nowadays. Called—called—say, now, what is it called. Is it—is it 'Guel Suse?' or what? Got me all perplexed."

A pedestrian passed and brought glad cry to Al's lips.

"It's Dave Alberto," he said, "and Dave knows music by its middle name. I bet he'll tell me the one I want. Hey, Dave! Will you go up to the store with me?"

And the old man went out, by foot and cane, and tugged Dave back up the street toward the phonograph store beyond.

DRAMATIST TO LECTURE

AT U. C. SUMMER SESSION

Robert Edmond Jones, one of the best known stage directors in America, will give six lectures at the coming Summer Session of the University of California, according to announcement made by Dean Harold L. Bruce.

Jones is one of the greatest stage directors of today. He has been director of most of Eugene O'Neill's stage successes. For "The Great God Brown," Jones not only acted as director but also as designer of all the stage sets. Among other recent plays which have been under his direction are "Desire Under the Elms," "Beyond the Horizon," "Anna Christie," "The Sultan" and Sydney Howard's "Swords."

With Stark Young and T. MacGowan, Jones has been one of the managers of the Greenwich Village and Provincetown theaters in New York. He was recently honored by Yale University at a special gathering, at which he delivered a lecture. Jones was, while at Harvard University, a student under George Pierce Baker, who was connected with the Summer Session faculty of the University of California in 1925.

Deed: David J. I. Buckley & w/ to Percy Parkes & Jeanette Parkes, Mar 26, \$10. Lots 11 & 13, blk 62, Carmel City.

Deed: Percy Parkes & w/ to David J. I. Buckley, Mar 24, \$10. Lots 1 & 2, blk 24, Carmel City.

The Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts announces that the Song Recital of Willard Schindler, noted California Baritone, will take place at the Arts and Crafts Theatre, Thursday, June 23, at 8:15 P.M.

CARMELITES ARRIVE

IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

When the S.S. Manoa arrived at Honolulu from San Francisco May 25, it brought a large group of visitors who were welcomed with leis (wreaths) of fragrant island flowers according to the quaint Hawaiian custom. As the ship entered the harbor native boys were diving for coins and the Royal Hawaiian Band stationed on the dock played island melodies. Among those arriving on the boat were Mrs. L. D. Hanson and Mrs. Alice Josselyn, of Carmel, California.

The famous flowering trees of Hawaii which attract spring and summer visitors from all parts of the world are in blossom now. Visitors who arrived on the Manoa will have an opportunity to see the great masses of pink and gold shower trees. The St. Thomas tree with its orchid-like blossom is also at its prime and the African Tulip trees are flaming orange. This is gardenia time in Hawaii and everybody is wearing the waxy white blossoms which grow to an unusually large size in this climate.

Many of the passengers from the

Manoa are planning trips to Waimea canyon on the island of Kauai; to Haleakala, the world's largest extinct crater, on Maui; and to the volcano of Kilauea on Hawaii.

PLANT NOW

Second sowing of bedding plants now ready—well rooted. Stocks in five (5) colors, salpiglossis, aster, lobelia, marigolds, scabiosa, petunias. Stepping stone mosses, vines and shrubbery. Carmel Florists, Ocean Ave. Green houses at rear of store. Call and look plants over. —Adv.

Announcing---

Los Ranchitos

All of Parcel No. 2 of Del Monte Rancho, owned by R. C. DeYoe and Allen Griffin has been sold in one piece to New York purchasers for a single country estate.

All of Parcel No. 1 of Del Monte Rancho, which comprises Los Ranchitos del Carmelo has been sold with the exception of a few very beautiful homesites of two-and-a-half acres—one of the outstanding developments of the Monterey Peninsula, this property having been opened for sale last November.

There can be no other Los Ranchitos, where magnificent large homesites in the heart of the Carmel Valley, with great live and white oaks, canyons, fertile soil, and a climate of rare hospitality are offered. The sale of the entire holdings on the east side of Los Laureles road for one estate is another guarantee of the preservation of the simplicity of the countryside, as carefully maintained by the nature of the development of Los Ranchitos, a new conception in subdivisions, where owners love their land.

Property of this nature, similarly improved with a modern water system drawn from the same source of supply that furnishes the Monterey Peninsula with water, improved also with electricity brought to every home that is constructed, will never again be offered in the heart of Carmel Valley at the prices for which Los Ranchitos restricted acreages have been sold.

The few remaining parcels are very beautifully situated.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Carmel Realty Company

R. C. DE YOE, Realtor

Ocean Avenue at Dolores Street, Carmel

Phone Carmel 21

Them Was the Days

True, Nearly True, & Otherwise Tales of Carmel

Late as it was, I routed these people out, and got them to our house. Because Forest Theatre Council meetings were of great interest in those days, most of them already knew of the charges. Now they learned the surprising thing that Bertha was the plagiarizing author. No one there questioned her integrity, and one and all agreed with me, that there must be an open trial of the matter. It was determined that, as president, I should call a special meeting of the entire organization at Arts and Crafts Hall for the succeeding night—a Saturday—and at this mass meeting the evi-

dence should be heard pro and con, and a decision voted by the entire body of citizens of Carmel. For the Forest Theatre roster was a directory of Carmel's adult population in 1912.

There was no sleep for me that night. I made big posters on packing paper to go up on Leidy's bulletin board, and upon the fence beside Schweninger's store. I drew up, item by item, answers to the charges Sterling had made, prepared arguments to show their absurdity, and laid out the lines that the mass meeting should follow. Before sun up, signs tacked to the boards and fences announced that Bertha Newberry would face her accusers at Arts and Crafts that night. And by noon the whole town had taken sides for or against the author of "The Toad."

Somebody—and it wasn't I—wired the Examiner, which promptly sent down a star reporter. He managed to worm into the hall that evening, though many were turned away. Every seat was taken, and men stood up in aisles and at back. I occupied a chair on the platform. Bertha sat between friends in the first row before me. She was pale and scared. I was still mad enough to chew nails, as I called the meeting to order.

There was a protest at once to the legality of the gathering; postal-cards had not been sent the members; and I waved that aside. Legality be darned, I said, or words to that effect. And I told what had happened last night, what had been charged against the author of "The Toad," and how tonight those charges were to be tried.

George Sterling came forward to explain that he did not know, when he made the charges, who was the author, and that now knowing he would like to withdraw them; that he was certain that the author had not intentionally plagiarized, from anyone and that he now believed coincidence was the explanation for

the likenesses he and the committee had noted.

I said that nothing would be withdrawn; that such charges were worse against an unknown author, than against a known one; that the Forest Theatre was inviting playwrights to submit their product, and if the product was to meet false accusations in the committee that was to judge, then no writer was safe in submitting a play. I stated that I would ask for categorical answers from Bertha to my questioning. Would she please stand up.

Legs shaky, looking guilty and trembling like a leaf, Bertha said "yes" or "no" to the few blunt queries I put; she didn't know what "Montezuma" or "Pharaoh" were about, hadn't plagiarized from them, or anyone, and except for encyclopedias and Egyptian histories, studied by her, had no help in writing "The Toad." Then I read the play aloud.

It was a woefully long play—or I was tired. I read badly. But the tension was such that my voice was the only thing heard in the hall during its reading. After the third act, some friend said,

"Rest a few minutes. You are suffering, Perry." And I answered, "This is my night to suffer."

That was the headline of the Examiner's front page story next morning: "Newberry's Night To Suffer." It all seems folly now; unimportant and better left undone. But then it was a bigger tragedy than Bertha's play that I read. When I had finished, I called upon Heron to read from his the parts that it was claimed had been stolen.

That done there were speeches from the floor; some of them bitter enough to please my rabid mood. Again George Sterling tried to explain, but I wasn't for explanations. I called for a vote on the issue of Bertha's guilt or innocence. She was acquitted without dissent. I'm certain now that no one thought she had stolen from anyone. Going to the same sources for her Egyptian play as the authors of other Egyptian plays and stories, naturally she had found the same material they had acquired. Anyhow, that night she went home purged of crime.

On Friday night, April 12, 1912, the Forest Theatre Council decided to put on as the summer's annual plays, Bertha Newberry's "The Toad," and Herbert Heron's "Montezuma."

But, after all, it was two years before Montezuma got upon stage. The Forest Theatre Society split wide open before rehearsals of "The Toad" had even begun, and a new organization, the Western Drama Society, started building a stage in the woods next door to the old theatre. It was the first of several attempts to start competing open-air theatres in or about Carmel, none of which was ever completed.

But the old outfit planned a program for its Fourth of July week that today would be considered impossible because of the number of actors needed, the labor involved, and the size of the budget of cost. Fifteen years ago, with Carmel not four hundred population, with Dad Hamilton and Sam Powers driving horse-stages over the hill from Monterey, with automobiles in the village matters of curiosity, the Forest Theatre Society made this program: the Fourth of July came on Thursday; starting with the night of the third, and the first performance of "The Toad," the activities were to last the balance of the week.

On the Fourth, in the morning at the Forest Theatre, patriotic exercises, the Declaration of Independ-

ence, and speeches; at 2 p.m., the Pageant of the Padres; at 8 p.m., "The Toad"; on Friday evening, "Alice in Wonderland"; on Saturday night, a masquerade ball and burlesque on the Forest Theatre stage.

The Pageant, which was an elaboration of the one of 1911, having

now five episodes, was written, Episode I, an Indian tale of the days before the Spanish came, by Grace MacGowan Cooke; II, an incident in the life of Cardinal Carlos de Borromeo, by Garnet Holme; III, the Portola episode of 1911, a little amplified and bettered, by Grant Wallace and myself; IV, the last day

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of Fra. Junipero Serra, by me; V. the linking of two oceans, an allegorical scene, by Mary Weaver Mc Gauley. More than four hundred costumes were rented in San Francisco for this pageant alone.

There were 22 principals in the cast of "The Toad," with speaking parts; 8 dancers, 6 priestesses; 44 guards, villagers and slaves. "Alice in Wonderland" had 39 speaking parts, most of them children; had 85 in all in the cast.

After the close of the performance of "The Toad" on Thursday night, the stage-set had to be torn down,

and a complete new set built for "Alice" before dark the next day. After "Alice" was out of the way, the stage had to be cleared, sanded, and waxed, lights arranged, and a background of greens and flowers set for the ball next night.

Brohaska's orchestra, from San Jose, was hired for six days. I don't find my figures of cost, but the music alone must have been \$300 or more; and the whole program cost well over \$2500.

I have a feverish sort of recollection of those hectic days and nights of rehearsal, preparation and plays.

Garnet Holme was in command, and he was a wonder at direction. Making others work was his long suit, and I was first goat. I played the title role in "The Toad," and needed nothing else to do than get that part over. Yet I was made the Mock Turtle in "Alice." Sergeant Ortega in the Pageant, stage manager, props, and anything else that needed muscle. Memory flashes to me the picture of a horse hitched to a bale of hay, being driven round and round the stage, while I dumped sand for the heavy hay-bale to grind under it, smoothing the planks for

the ball. I recall hammering together, at the last moment, a stand where the ladies of the Arts and Crafts would serve supper immediately after the pageant. I remember sitting disconsolately on the Egyptian stairway at dress rehearsal of "The Toad," and telling Garnet Holme that I would not and could not do the fight scene again, even if the show never came off. I see, as in a dream, the wonderful beauty of eight dancing girls in Egyptian costumes, silhouetted against the light of the flames, and remember thinking that the audience should

have had the view of them that was given to us on stage. I recall going home at dawn Sunday morning, creeping into bed with most of the brown make-up and Boll Armenia still on me, and sleeping twice around the clock.

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FOR RENT—Attractive cottage, centrally located, beautiful marine view. Six rooms completely furnished. Telephone, Garage. Phone 70-W, Carmel, Box 1013.

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LOST—Pair dark rim glasses. Probably at Monterey Union High School. Return to Pine Cone office. Reward.

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Secretary of the Treasury

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WHAT HAPPENED IN CARMEL

A Composition written by Little Geraldine Gitters, aged eleven, when her teacher gave the class the assignment, "Tell About Something That You Really Saw Happen."

By Winsor Jesselyn

Papa got awful mad last night. Yesterday some men brought a great big machine up to the street beside

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Wednesday

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Thursday - Friday

BEBE DANIELS
—in—
"SENORITA"
A clever comedy spiced with
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—also—
"OUR GANG," Comedy
FOX NEWS

our house and it started digging a ditch. The machine made a lot of noise and it squeaked like anything and its engine didn't have any muffler at all and the men who ran it hollered all the time between themselves.

Well, it got papa sort of upset. He said, "I hope that dam sewer sigger busts down," and mama told him to leave it alone and not notice it. And then what do you think? All at once it stopped. Papa went to the window and the men were standing looking down into the ditch and sure enough, it had broken down.

"Fine," said papa, "it's busted. Now we can eat in peace," and he began to read the Herald while mama got supper.

I don't know what time it was in the night, but it was real dark and cold and foggy, but papa woke me up talking to himself. Papa was swearing, right there in the next room, and mama was trying to stop him.

"I tell you I won't be quiet. There—they're going to start that thing up—start it in the middle of the night!"

And sure enough, you could hear some men out there by the machine, and the engine started and it began to squeak and everything.

"Well," said mama, "you needn't take it out on me. I'm going to sleep. If you don't like it, why don't you go out and tell them. Maybe they'll stop if you say please."

Papa said some things I couldn't understand, but he didn't go out. And the men stopped the engine and hit it with hammers and I heard them say they had to get it repaired before morning, and one of them said he'd never seen such awful hard ground since he worked in a marble quarry. And then the noise began all over again.

That got papa up. He went to the window and hollered at them. But they couldn't hear, and mother said something about going out and choking the machine with his bare hands.

"Well, I just will—and the men, too," and papa got into some clothes and an overcoat and I heard him go out after a few minutes. And mama said, "That man! Can't he go out there without stopping in the basement for a drink? The fog won't hurt him. Such a man!"

Well the machine kind of coughed and choked and stopped squeaking, only the motor kept on going real slow. And I could hear them talking out there, with papa talking the loudest. Then papa's voice got quieter and pretty soon I heard a lot of feet walking in the basement. Sounded like people were walking around and around.

I must have gone to sleep. Next thing I knew it was getting all light where the sun comes up and I guess it was awful early in the morning.

Then I heard somebody talking like papa in mama's room. He took off one shoe after another and dropped them with a bang like they tell me not to do.

"Don't you talk like that to me," says papa answering mama. "I guess I made 'em be quiet, didn't I? One of the men had got hurt and another had a cold, and the fog was like rain. That's why I brought them in, I tell you. Only stayed a minute. You needn't have kept awake."

And then mama didn't say another word, but I knew she was awful mad.

"Well," he said, and it was papa because he got in bed, "everything's quiet now," and mama asked him if he was in the habit of sleeping with his hat on, and papa said he'd be damned and threw something against the wall.

And then outside by the machine somebody started to sing. And there were a lot of men singing in a minute. They were singing about a girl named Adeline. Mama told papa something about his friends out by the digger, but he must have been asleep, because mama got madder still and got up and went into the front room and slept on the couch. And that's what I saw happen in Carmel.

Bang of Hammer Shriek of Saw

Again there is the sound of voices and hammering on the Forest Theatre stage as in every June for the last eighteen years. For the Fourth of July production is on the horizon and the old familiar agony of joy, panic and satisfaction wait to take possession of those who work there.

Since "David" all through the summers there has been this activity. In the old days when all Carmel worked together, in the middle period of stress, and now when in the face of over rapid growth and commercialism, those who love the For-

est Theatre still find joy in working for it, it goes on.

The air is vibrant with memories; one thinks of Daniel Willard, Arthur Vachell, DeNeale Morgan, C. Sumner Greene, Cornelis Botke, Paul Mays, all those and others whose gifts commanded our respect and whose spirit of unselfish service was an inspiration.

And most vividly one remembers Alfred Burton, that staunch old Viking able to work and able to laugh in face of all difficulties. How often we have seen him with his hat well shoved to the back of his head and with two tin cans, 5c worth of nails, a piece of wire and some worn out dust cloths—honestly, not much more—begin to build Bagdad, Tauris, Elsinore.

This year the stage is in strong, new hands. New yet familiar and trusted. Rhoda and Dick Johnson are doing the sets for George Ball's production of "If I Were King" and we know the result will be completely satisfying. Rhoda has a natural gift, admirable taste, training and experience, as all who have seen the recent Arts and Crafts plays know. And Dick has the technical spirit of the professional. They may face agonies of hard work but there will be no agonies of doubt. They know what they want and they know that they can do it; we have only to strengthen their hearts by letting them know how thoroughly we believe in them.

The scenes are all to be out of

doors, Rhoda tells us. The Courtyard of the Fir Cone Tavern instead of the interior makes the first scene where Louis XI comes incognito and Villon shouts and drinks, murmurs of love and fights to kill. And the next scene is the King's rose garden where Louis unfolds his plot and where Katherine picks roses—"The hardest thing I have to do" says Rhoda, "is to make those hundreds of paper roses, and they mustn't crackle, either."

The third act again is the garden where the plot continues to draw up and to unravel and from which the army of France goes swinging forth to fight the Burgundians—to the tune of the Vagabond Chorus. And the fourth act is the Public Square big enough for all Paris to crowd into, with the gallows in the background, on which Villon will hang or will not hang, according to the whim of the King and the love of the lady.

All the backgrounds are to be neutral in coloring, simple in handling. Color will be given by the costumes. The furred mantles, the scarlet cloaks and mysterious black capes, the bright trailing robes of the ladies, the flash of swords, the gleam of lanterns—all the trappings of a good old romantic melodrama such as we all love, no matter how superior we may pretend to be.

Don Watson of Berkeley spent the week end in Carmel. He stayed at Pine Inn during his visit here.

An Artist's Thought

Said Perry Newberry in the Pine Cone
June 3:

"That Carmel-by-the-Sea has characteristics of distinction is not due to the surveyors who laid it out and mapped it. To the contrary, it became individual despite the straightline policies of map building. . . . But Hatton Fields began with an artist's thought. . . . Roadways that wind over hills and through forests, with scenic possibilities carefully planned for each site adjacent, give the tract an outstanding superiority in its beginning. The structures that have gone up on the property have fairly fulfilled the artistry of the tract."

And the advantages peculiar to Hatton Fields, both natural and man-made, will become more and more evident as time goes by.

Hatton Fields

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PAUL FLANDERS, President

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